# THE LIVING AGE

## The World in Review


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|---|---|
| Schooled to Rule | *Willard Price* |
| Russia Looks North | *Walter Pahl* |
| Barcelona | *Cyril Connolly* |
| Far Eastern Imperialism | *Bertrand Russell* |
| As I Lay Dying (A Story) | *Mikhail Zoshchenko* |
| The Japanese Hitler | *Heinz Pol* |
| The Jews in Poland | *Israel Cohen* |
| The Otter (A Story) | *Henry Williamson* |



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*"It is not smelfungus"* — CHARLES P. TAFT

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# THE LIVING AGE

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# THE GUIDE POST

IN THE Mediterranean Agreement which Britain and Italy concluded early last month there is a clause in which the two Governments 'disclaim any desire to modify, or . . . to see modified, the *status quo* as regards national sovereignty of territory in the Mediterranean area.' This clause has been variously interpreted. In England it was taken to mean that Italy would withdraw the support she had been giving the Insurgent forces of General Francisco Franco, while the Italians professed to see in it a British promise to prevent the formation of a Soviet republic in Catalonia. It is, of course, impossible to say what interpretation the diplomats who wrote the clause put upon it. But its considered ambiguity, and the fact that Italy has apparently continued to supply men and arms to General Franco without so much as a rebuke from the British Foreign Office, at least suggest the possibility that the Italian view may be the correct one. For the truth is that a Soviet, or at least an anarcho-syndicalist, republic has already been established in Catalonia, a fact which is not likely to be more welcome in London than it is in Rome. It is this republic which Cyril Connolly, an English Left-wing journalist and author, describes in 'Barcelona.' [p. 478]

ORDINARILY, German newspapers and magazines are the last place one would go today for an objective article on Russia. Acting under orders from the Propaganda Ministry, they have been filling their columns with lurid accounts of terror and starvation in the U.S.S.R., of industrial breakdown and of gigantic preparations for a war of aggression against the Fatherland. Significant though it is as an indication of Nazi methods and Nazi intentions, this material is of little or no use to anyone who wants to form an accurate idea of what is really going on in the U.S.S.R. But the article which Walther Pahl published in a recent issue of the *Deutsche Rundschau* is a striking exception to the general rule. Writing on the subject of Russian Arctic exploration, Mr. Pahl displays little or none of the usual Nazi bias, and if there are in his remarks one or two instances of prejudice, one may safely hazard the guess that they were inserted to make the rest more palatable to the censor. In any case they may be readily identified and discounted. As a whole, 'Russia Looks North' is as honest an account as one is likely to encounter anywhere of the work the Soviet Government has been pushing forward in an effort to open up the frozen North. [p. 483]

MR. ISRAEL COHEN, whose article, 'The Jews in Poland,' we reproduce from the *Contemporary Review*, is one of England's foremost authorities on the subject of the Jews in modern times. He is General Secretary of the World Zionist Organization, and has written and lectured extensively on the problems of his race. Among his books are *Jewish Life in Modern Times*, *The Journal of a Jewish Traveler*, and *A Ghetto Gallery*. He spent the years 1918–19 investigating anti-Jewish outrages in Poland on behalf of the Zionist Organization. In his article he brings that investigation up to date. [p. 488]

IN AN age of proletarian novels and 'realistic' short stories, it is a relief to turn occasionally to a writer like Henry Williamson. As our readers well know, Mr. Williamson is chiefly celebrated for the skill with which he brings to life the woods and fields and streams of the English countryside. Continuing in the tradition of Richard Jefferies and of W. H. Hudson, he has yet infused that tradition with a quality which is peculiarly his own.

(*Continued on page 558*)

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# THE LIVING AGE

*Founded by* E. Littell

In 1844

*February, 1937* *Volume 351, Number 4445*


# The World Over

TO JUDGE from reports coming in almost daily from Paris, Barcelona, Valencia and other points in Europe, the assurance which Chancellor Adolf Hitler of Germany is said to have given to Ambassador André Francois-Poncet of France contained one of those 'jokers' which the Nazis are past masters at contriving. Hitler is reported to have said that Germany has no intention of changing the territorial *status quo* of Spain or any of her possessions, including Spanish Morocco. But he did not say that Germany would cease to support the forces of General Franco, nor did he deny that she would exact a heavy price for that support.

Last month we gave our readers the *Deutsche Informationen's* version of what that price would be (THE LIVING AGE, January, 1937, p. 380). In the time which has elapsed since then, the situation has been clarified, and the details of the arrangements made have been considerably amplified. According to a book by Arthur Koestler which has just been published in Paris under the title of *Menschenopfer Unerhört*, Germany has been planning a Fascist revolution in Spain since 1934. Mr. Koestler claims that, in the event of a war with France, the German General Staff intends to lead a Spanish army across the Pyrenees, and to use the harbors of Spain, Spanish Morocco, and the Balearic Isles as bases for her air force and her navy. All this could be done without changing the territorial *status quo* of Spain provided that the government in power


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were amenable to German wishes, and provided also that at least a bare majority of the Spanish people were in sympathy with the Nazis. To achieve these two conditions, Mr. Koestler says, Berlin has been smuggling Nazi propaganda into Spain in large quantities for more than two years and has spent large sums to 'buy' the Spanish press.

---

BUT GERMANY, like Franco, was undoubtedly counting on a short war and an easy victory. Her hopes were disappointed, and she was then faced with the choice between abandoning her schemes and throwing so much support behind the Insurgents as seriously to endanger European peace. A report from Catalonia purports to tell exactly what happened.

According to this story, General Franco sent to Berlin on November 15 a naval officer by the name of Agacino. There in the Chancellory he had a conference with Colonel-General Göring, General Faupel, Hitler's 'expert' on Spanish questions, Rudolf Hess, the Führer's deputy, and Alfred Rosenberg, head of the Foreign Department of the National Socialist Party. Also present were the former Spanish ambassador to Berlin Agramonte y Cortijo, the military attaché Martinez y Martinez, and a certain Urbano Feypéo de Sotomayor, official spokesman of the Falange Española in Germany. Agacino told his German listeners frankly that the revolt was lost unless Germany and Italy intervened openly. To this General Göring is said to have replied that Germany would not permit Bolshevism to triumph in Spain under any circumstances, but that, before lending the Insurgents further aid, she would have to have guarantees that, in case of victory, they would satisfy her just demands for territory in which to expand. The German Government, he continued, was ready to send fifteen submarines to Spain at once. But for this and other help she would demand the cession to her of the Canary Islands, Spanish Morocco, and Spanish Guinea, as well as the right to exploit the iron mines of Asturias and the Basque provinces and the copper ore of Rio Tinto.

The Catalonian report implies that the terms were accepted forthwith, for it concludes:—

> The Spanish agents replied that the National Junta was ready to undertake heavy sacrifices to save Spain from Bolshevism. . . . A few days later the Spanish cruiser *Cervantes* was torpedoed by a foreign submarine.

---

MEANWHILE, according to another dispatch, this time from a secret agent of the Social Democrats in Munich, recruiting bureaus were set up in all the larger German cities, and an intensive campaign was launched to obtain volunteers for service in Spain. At the same time additional thousands of S.S. and S.A. men were ordered to Spain, as well as aviators, tank drivers, radio operators, and others from the regular army.

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Many of the men are said not to have known what their destination was until their ships had left port, and all are supposed to have been sworn to the strictest secrecy. Most of them were landed at Seville, but a certain number also reached Spanish Morocco. A correspondent of the London *Times* reports from Tangier that by the middle of January there were definite evidences of German encroachment in the Spanish zone, economic, administrative and military, though the last was 'on the whole in an early stage and does not suggest the imminence of any sort of offensive operation.'

What happened was apparently this: the German authorities made preparations for the landing of some 20,000 troops in Ceuta and other ports of the Spanish zone; France, getting wind of these preparations, staged a demonstration of a united determination to resist German encroachments in Africa; and Germany, taking alarm, backed down.

But only a little way down. German economic penetration of Spanish Morocco continues unabated, and was already well advanced when the French protested. The whole episode vividly recalls the history of German attempts to capture Austria, and seems so far to have repeated the earlier pattern. When Hitler attempted to seize Austria by a Nazi revolution from within, Mussolini massed a large force along the Alps and compelled the German Chancellor to abandon his Austrian followers. When he was on the point of pouring a German army into Spanish Morocco the French ordered their Moroccan troops to march to the border of the Spanish zone, and Hitler again retreated. But the failure of the Nazi *coup* in Vienna was by no means the end of German efforts to absorb her eastern neighbor: the accord of July 11, 1936, has resulted in a steady increase of German influence there, and many Austrians regard it as the death-knell of their independence. Similarly the agreement with General Franco may yet result in giving Germany that entering wedge in Africa which she so ardently desires.

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NOR IS GERMAN ECONOMIC ACTIVITY limited to Africa. Indeed, it has reached such proportions in Spain itself that even the Nationalists are becoming alarmed. Sir Percival Phillips, special correspondent of the Conservative *Daily Telegraph* of London, recently sent his paper a cable from Gibraltar in which he gives some interesting details about this development. Sir Percival writes:—

> Coastal shipping trade has already passed out of Spanish into German control. This trade was formerly largely in the hands of three companies—the Transmediterranea, of Madrid, the Solanazar, of Malaga, and Ybarra and Co., of Seville. Recently, however, on the ground that Spanish ships were endangered by the blockade, traffic between Vigo, Seville, Huelva, Cadiz, and the Balearics has

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been diverted to German ships, operated by the Neptun, Woermann, Hansa and Oldenburg–Portugiesische lines.

'Himsa,' a German organization originally formed as a distributing company handling traffic between Ceuta and Seville, has broadened its activities to include all kinds of import and export business which, before the revolution, was shared by the European markets. The buyer, whether he pays in pesetas or arranges a commodity exchange, has merely to give his order to 'Himsa.' It then carries out the transaction without further formality and ensures prompt delivery from German ports.

German firms have already profited by orders for 120,000 steel drums for olive oil, of which half have been landed, at prices higher than those quoted in past years by Dutch and French manufacturers.

The paper shortage is being met by large shipments of wood pulp from Germany, which, instead of coming direct from Sweden or Finland, now passes through 'Himsa' at no advantage to Spanish purchasers.

Other materials needed in Nationalist territory are similarly supplied by German agents. Commodities of which Germany is in great need are leaving Spain under the same arrangement.

German agents have been buying large stocks of wool and cork, and they are, I understand, drawing heavily on the output of iron ore from the Spanish mines in Morocco, as compensation for the materials supplied to General Franco's Government. In addition, the Germans are said to have been trying to purchase or to secure an option on 30,000 tons of olive oil from Seville. If this is permitted by the Government it will prove a profitable investment for Germany, in view of the curtailed production.

These are but a few instances of the way in which Germany is tightening her hold on Spanish markets.

---

SINCE THE ABDICATION of King Edward VIII, Great Britain has settled down in earnest to the grim business of preparing for the next World War. The effect of rearmament has been to stimulate economic activity to the point where economists of all shades of political opinion feel obliged to point out that there is real danger that the recovery movement may soon take on the unhealthy characteristics of a boom, if indeed it has not already done so. Prices are rapidly rising; wages are showing the same tendency; there is an incipient shortage of skilled labor; the security markets are buoyant; new stock issues of questionable quality are beginning to make their appearance; speculation is increasing; credit is expanding; and the volume of investment in fixed capital is rapidly growing. The only element of a typical boom which is missing from the picture is a rise in interest rates. The pace has been so rapid in recent months that many of the basic industries which have been depressed since the War are now beginning to be active again. Thus the London *Economist* observes that of the 'four great erstwhile depressed industries—coal, cotton, iron and steel, and shipbuilding—the two latter must now be stricken from the list.' Yet unemployment continues to be widespread, and the huge imports of raw materials which the rearma-

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ment program necessitates have produced an 'unfavorable' trade balance which is steadily increasing.

Though it began before the first of the Government's *White Papers* on defence was issued, there can be no question that the strength of the recovery movement is due in large part to the rearmament program, and that it will collapse disastrously when that program is completed. The Cabinet continues to do nothing about the depressed areas and, despite the solemn warnings of such authorities as John Maynard Keynes, no steps have yet been taken to apply brakes to the boom before it reaches panic proportions, nor does it seem likely that any will be taken. If the Cabinet is looking ahead at all, it is perhaps counting on the outbreak of a general war to rescue it from its dilemma.

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IT IS NOW WELL OVER A YEAR since the monarchy was restored in Greece, and six months since General Metaxas became Premier and established his personal dictatorship. Despite the rigid censorship which he has imposed, a certain amount of information about the political conditions of his régime has leaked out of the country and found its way into the English newspapers. Thus the liberal *Manchester Guardian* reveals that the Greek press has been ordered to obey the Dictator 'as a soldier obeys his general in battle,' that the basis of education is to be 'the disciplined attachment to a single purpose' by means of 'the rhythmic repetition at regular intervals of the same thought, the same sentence, the same movements.' The penalty of deportation awaits anyone who 'in writing or verbally or in any other way directly or indirectly encourages the propagation, the development, and the application of theories or ideas of social, religious or economic systems tending to undermine the established order.' The police have been authorized, 'when the postal censors hand to them suspect correspondence, to search the offices or the home of the sender or recipient of the correspondence in question.' The censorship of telephone conversations has also been recognized.

Further details are added by the London *Daily Worker*, organ of the British Communist Party. According to it, General Metaxas has imprisoned no fewer than 3,500 of his political opponents, among them former deputies, mayors, journalists, well-known Republicans and professors, the leaders of the Socialist and the Agrarian Parties and of the trade unions, and 1,000 Greek Communists. These prisoners are said to be subjected to 'refined' forms of torture.

Whether every word of this is literally true or not, there seems to be no doubt that Greece is living today under a government whose methods would make the tyranny of Hippias seem gentle by comparison. Nor has one very far to look for the sources of its inspiration. As a young man General Metaxas completed his military studies in Berlin, and he has

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preserved a lively sympathy for everything German. Moreover, Germany holds Greece in economic subjection, chiefly by virtue of the large sums she owes for Greek tobacco. Both Dr. Schacht and Dr. Goebbels have honored Athens with their visits, and an arrangement has been made whereby Germany is repaying her debt in arms—doubtless with political conditions. The *Week* reports that German army officers are already constructing submarine bases and concrete fortifications at the entrance of the gulf of Corinth, at Lutraki, near Corinth, between Aegina and Salamis, and at various points along the African coast.

---

THE LATEST EPISODE in the interminable tragi-comedy of the Orient is but the Chinese reaction to an event whose implications are world-wide: the German-Japanese accord. Carrying out patiently and tenaciously the Tanaka plan, Japan had been seeking to create out of the five Northern provinces of China a 'Mangkukuo' from which she hoped to obtain the advantages the possession of Manchukuo has failed to provide. The five provinces occupy about one-tenth of the total area of China and contain about one-fifth of her population. The total area of their cultivated land represents about 30 per cent of the total cultivated land of China and produces 30 per cent of her wheat, 51 per cent of her rice, 37 per cent of her millet, and 12 per cent of her barley. North China also occupies a leading position in the production of cotton (34 per cent) and wool (90 per cent). Among the industries of the region, cotton spinning and weaving are perhaps the most important: 19 of the total of 92 Chinese mills are situated there. Of the 81 flour mills in China in 1934, 33 were established in North China. The capital invested in these mills represents one-third of the total capital of the Chinese flour-milling industry. Important match, tobacco, wool, cement and chemical industries are also to be found in the North.

Of raw materials, coal production in North China equals 70 per cent of the total for the whole country. It is estimated that 54 per cent of China's total coal reserves and 46 per cent of her iron ore lie in this area. Salt is also present in considerable quantities, possibly as much as one-third of China's total supply.

In foreign trade Tientsin, the principal seaport, ranks second only to Shanghai. Exports from North China in 1935 were estimated at $159,000,000, or 28 per cent of the nation's total; imports were valued at $150,000,000. North China also enjoys a commanding position in the matter of communications, with 34 per cent of the country's total railway mileage and 15 per cent of her highways. The sum of the navigable portions of North China's rivers is 6,214 kilometers, or one-fifth of the whole.

Thus it is manifest that the five provinces of North China are vitally important to the continued existence of the Chinese nation. The whole

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country would suffer very seriously in the event of their loss, and Japan in taking them would obtain a rich preserve.

Yet such was the temporizing policy of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek that Japan was able to conquer Jehol without much difficulty in 1933, to nibble away at Chahar in 1934, and to undertake the invasion of Suiyuan in 1936. In the last-named province, however, she came face to face with the forces of General Chang Hai-peng. Her offensive was suddenly stopped, and the Nationalists in the Kuomintang secretly encouraged General Chang Hsueh-liang to seize the opportunity thus presented to reverse the Japanophile policies of General Chiang Kai-shek. At the same time, Russia put many obstacles in Japan's way.

Then came the German-Japanese accord, reversing the position overnight. For the real significance of that accord lies in the fact that it represents the conclusion of lengthy negotiations between the two nations' general staffs. By it Germany agreed to lend Japan vigorous assistance in the mechanization of her army. Realizing this, the Chinese Nationalists decided that there was no time to be lost: either Chiang Kai-shek and his pro-Japanese, anti-Communist policies must go, or China was lost. The result was the incident of Sian. Out of the baffling intrigues and the apparent contradictions of that event one clear fact emerges: unless another *coup* intervenes to reverse the trend, China is now on her way to united resistance against Japan.

---

IT IS COMFORTING TO NOTE that the League can still be useful to nations that sincerely desire to settle their differences by peaceful means. France and Turkey have submitted their dispute over the future status of the Syrian district of Alexandretta to the League Council, and both have agreed to the appointment of a commission of neutral observers to watch the frontier pending a settlement. France's position is that the special régime which the district has enjoyed, because of its large Turkish population, is protected in the recent Franco-Syrian treaty. Turkey, however, fears that an independent Syria will not respect the obligation, and asks that Alexandretta be given its independence. The Council is studying the arguments and may refer the case to the World Court, which would undoubtedly decide against Turkey. Perhaps the most reasonable solution would be one requiring the Syrian Government to give solemn pledges guaranteeing the specific rights not only of the Turks in Alexandretta but also those of other Syrian minorities. The dispute is really a minor one, despite the excitement of the Turkish press. A high French official is reported to have whispered to a friend at Geneva: 'What does Alexandretta matter, so long as it isn't in Spain—or China?'

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The articles which follow deal in turn with the new state of Soviet Catalonia, with Russia's Arctic explorations, and with the plight of the Jews in Poland.

# *From* Spain *to* Vladivostok

## I. Barcelona

*By* Cyril Connolly

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

THE first thing one notices about going to Barcelona is the peculiar meaningful handshakes of one's friends. Accompanied though they are by some such phrase as 'I wish I were going too,' one cannot avoid detecting in the farewell a moment of undertaker heartiness, of mortuary appraisal. In the early morning among the lagoons, the brown landscape and rainy sky of Languedoc, one begins to share it, only at the Spanish frontier does it completely disappear. As a rule the change from Cerbère to Port Bou is one from gaiety and comfort to gloom and emptiness; today it is the Spanish end which is alive. The first thing one notices is the posters, extremely competent propaganda, of which that of a peasant's rope-soled foot descending on a cracked swastika in a cobbled street is the most dramatic. The frontier is guarded by cultivated German and Italian anti-Fascists and one begins at once those discussions of political ideology which are such a feature of present day Republican Spain.

'You journalists are the worst enemies of a revolution,' explained the Italian, 'you all come here with letters like yours; then you go back and write Right-wing propaganda about us.'

'Why can't you admit that England is not prepared to help any democracy until its rearmament is carried out, when it will be too late?' said the other.

Down in the little harbor the militiamen, in their blue uniforms and forage caps, were fishing with bits of starfish. The somber Spanish train had been painted all along the carriages with crude pictures of troops departing and harvests being gathered in. As it drew out into the autumn sunshine one first became conscious of the ex-

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traordinary mixture of patriotic war-fever, revolutionary faith, and that absolutely new and all pervading sense of moral elevation which is the most dominating note in Catalonia since the Revolution. For here one never says 'since the military rebellion,' 'since the Fascist revolt,' but simply 'since the Revolution' or 'since the 19th of July.' At the end of the train were two carriages of anarchist troops, mostly under twenty, who waved their black and red banners, pointed their rifles at one, and in return for some cigarettes burst into a shout, which was taken up all down the train, of '*Viva la Revolucion!*'

It is in Barcelona that the full force of the anarchist revolution becomes apparent. Their initials, C.N.T. and F.A.I., are everywhere. They have taken over all the hotels, restaurants, cafés, trains, taxis, and means of communication, as well as all theaters, cinemas, and places of amusement. Their first act was to abolish the tip as being incompatible with the dignity of those who receive it, and to attempt to give one is the only act, short of making the Fascist salute, that a foreigner can be disliked for.

II

Spanish anarchism is a doctrine which has gone through three stages. The first was the conception of pure anarchy which grew out of the writings of Rousseau, Proudhon, Godwin, and to a lesser extent, Diderot and Tolstoy. The essence of this anarchist faith is that there exists in mankind a natural trend towards nobility and dignity; human relations based on a love of liberty combined with a desire to help each other (as shown for instance in the mutual generosity of the poor in slum districts in cases of sickness and distress) should in themselves be enough, given education and the right economic conditions, to provide a working basis for people to live on; State interference, armies, property, would be as superfluous as they were to the early Christians. The anarchist paradise would be one in which the instincts towards freedom, justice, intelligence and '*bondad*' in the human race develop gradually to the exclusion of all thoughts of personal gain, envy, and malice.

But there exist two stumbling blocks to this ideal—the desire to make money and the desire to acquire power. Everybody who makes money or acquires power, according to the anarchists, does so to the detriment of himself and at the expense of other people, and as long as these instincts are allowed free run there will always be war, tyranny, and exploitation. Power and money must therefore be abolished altogether.

At this point the second stage of anarchism begins, that which arises from the thought of Bakunin, the contemporary of Marx. He added the rider that the only way to abolish power and money was by direct action on the bourgeoisie in whom these instincts were incurably ingrained, and who took advantage of all liberal legislation, all concessions from the workers, to get more power and more money for themselves. 'The rich will do everything for the poor but get off their backs,' Tolstoy has said. 'Then they must be blown off,' might have been Bakunin's corollary.

From this time (the eighties) dates militant anarchism with its crimes of violence and assassination. In most of its strongholds, Italy, Germany, Rus-

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sia, it was either destroyed by Fascism or absorbed by Communism, which has usually seemed more practical, realizable, and adaptable to industrial countries; but in Spain the innate love of individual freedom, a personal dignity of the people, made them prefer it to Russian Communism, and the persecution which it underwent was never sufficient to blot it out.

Finally, in the last few years it has gone through a third transformation; in spite of its mystical appeal to the heart anarchism has always been an elastic and adaptable faith, and, looking round for a suitable machinery to replace State centralization, it found syndicalism, to which it is now united. Syndicalism is a system of vertical rather than horizontal Trade Unions, by which, for instance, all the workers on this paper, editors, reviewers, printers and distributors, would delegate members to a syndicate which would negotiate with other syndicates for the housing, feeding, amusements, etc., of all the body. This anarcho-syndicalism, through its organ, the C.N.T., has been able to get control of all the industries and agriculture of Catalonia and much of that in Andalusia, Valencia and Murcia, forming a more or less solid block from Malaga to the French frontier with considerable power also in the Asturias and Madrid. The executive militant spearhead of the body is the Federacion Anarquistica Iberica, usually pronounced as one word, *FAI*, which, partly owing to acts of terrorism, partly to its former illegality, is clothed in mystery today. It is almost impossible to find out who and how many belong to it.

The ideal of the C.N.T. and the F.A.I. is libertarian Communism, a Spain in which the work and wealth is shared by all, about three hours' work a day being enough to entitle anyone to sufficient food, clothing, education, amusement, transport, and medical attention. It differs from Communism because there must be no centralization, no bureaucracy, and no leaders; if somebody does not want to do something, the anarchists argue, no good will come of making them do it. They point to Stalin's dictatorship as an example of the evils inherent in Communism. The danger of anarchism, one might argue, is that it has become such a revolutionary weapon that it may never know what to do with the golden age when it has it, and may exhaust itself in a perpetual series of counter-revolutions. Yet it should be an ideal not unsympathetic to the English, who have always honored freedom and individual eccentricity and whose liberalism and Whiggery might well have turned to something very similar had they been harassed for centuries, like the Spanish proletariat, by absolute monarchs, militant clergy, army dictatorships and absentee landlords.

III

Life in Barcelona begins very early —that is to say in the small hours, when the cocks start crowing, as in the tropics, and batches of the sixteen thousand reinforcements for Madrid start leaving. Later, after breakfast, it is fun to walk down the Ramblas while the sun beats warmly through the wet planes and shines on the long rows of flower stalls, covered with roses, lilies, violets and tuberoses, till one reaches the harbor. Most of the houses bear banners and initials; 'we have too many *banderas*' is a common saying.

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There is the red and black of the F.A.I. and C.N.T., the red with joined hands of the U.G.T. (Caballero Socialists), the hammer and sickle of the Catalan Communists, the separatist flag of Catalonia, and that of the Trotskyist P.O.U.M.

Gradually one learns to differentiate between the faces; where there used to be the inevitable couple of priests mumbling about pesetas, or the business men in their wicker armchairs, one learns to recognize the U.G.T. type of pleasant and intelligent young Socialist, the restaurant-manager or head-waiter face (Right wing, Besteiro or Prieto Socialist) and the types of the C.N.T. and F.A.I. The C.N.T., since it contains a great many Murcians and also appeals to all the thorough-going have-nots, includes the most alarming of the faces met with in Barcelona and also most of the young militia-women.

Among the F.A.I. is to be found the pure anarchist type, the long head with high brow and thin nose, enlivened by the mixture of mysticism with revolutionary energy which is so characteristic. These are the men who saved Barcelona, who destroyed a whole military division within twelve hours and rushed a battery planted in the Paseo de Gracias in open cars armed only with kitchen knives. Along the Ramblas are booths selling the local newspapers (no others are obtainable) together with photographs of Marx, Lenin, Kropotkin and the chiefs of anarchist columns, Santillan, Ascaso, Durruti.

An English journalist, chiefly on account of our non-intervention policy and the Fascist propaganda (headed by the ghoulish *Daily Mail*) of our newspapers, is not a popular figure. The Spaniards do not understand non-intervention nor why it should be harder for Madrid and Barcelona to get arms than for Burgos and Seville. They consider that the battle between the democracies and the tyrannies of the world is being fought out by them on their soil, and are inclined to ask if we think they would refuse an English Labor Government arms supposing the English Fascists to be attacking London with Indian troops.

## IV

In the afternoons one can wander about the old town or the harbor or the crowded patios and the Generalidad or the park with its zoo, or up in the gardens of the Montjuich where the exhibition used to be. The churches are mostly locked and blackened, like our city churches; the Sagrada Familia has been destroyed except for its extraordinary front, whose two vast towers now stand up like a radio station.

I was five days in Barcelona and only once was stopped for my papers, and that was on the way up to the military post on the Tibidabo. When I told the anarchist guards I wanted to look at the view they let me proceed. One could walk about the patios of the Generalidad or into the actual rooms of the anarchist building quite freely, nor did I ever come across any kind of rowdiness or even hear a shot fired. Yet the American residents have to report three times a day to their consul to show they are still alive and there are rumors of some English living in a kind of compound down by the sea.

At night the Ramblas become a huge milling crowd of people, radios

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blare out, cafés fill up. The streets are very badly lit and acquire a rather sinister wartime aspect. Small things bring home the civil war, like the restaurant menus, where all dishes including food from enemy parts of the country (sea food from the Atlantic, butter and mutton from the West) are struck off, and the notices in every room about air-raids. The cinemas are all open, showing *Top Hat* and a gruesome anarchist film of the storming of Sietaimo. Afterwards there is the café of the Oriente. It is huge and badly lit; three enormous coffee machines glitter in the darkness and there is a counter which sells cakes and sausages. It is used almost entirely by men and women of the militia, who clank their rifles up against the bar. It is sitting there at night that one gets the completest picture of the world's youngest nation, anarchist Catalonia, fighting its first war. A man will begin to talk about the siege of Madrid, show one his anarchist permit, explain how he drives a lorry there every week, hand one an enormous revolver to look at, and suddenly pay for any drinks one has had before his appearance.

'Look here. You can't pay for that whisky, I had it before you came.' 'But I feel like it; besides, what's money anyhow? We shall soon have abolished all that.' 'Very well then, you must have one with me.' 'But I don't want to have one with you. Why should I have to have a drink with you because I give you one? It is not dignified or logical—next year, perhaps, you will give me a drink; you do not understand our anarchist principles,' and he goes out to his lorry. After one o'clock the streets are deserted and silent except for the screech of the brakes of the anarchist patrols as they tear down the Ramblas or face each other suddenly at corners.

V

One thing that is perfectly clear, after seeing Barcelona, is that, in any ultimate sense, it cannot be conquered. Catalonia, unlike the rest of Republican Spain, is a compact country; its language frontiers are now its class frontiers, and the whole population of the Eastern coast, so rich in industry and man power, are now racially and politically solid. These provinces could also much more easily attain unity of command. President Companys is a figure of enormous power and prestige who works in coordination with the now combined forces of the C.N.T. and U.G.T. There are six hundred thousand anarchists in Catalonia and they have already, without outside help, the organization and determination necessary. A Spanish Fascist in Paris has declared: 'There are two million people in Spain we have to get rid of, and we have already accounted for five hundred thousand.' He will find he has miscounted. It is much more interesting to speculate what will happen afterwards, when the victorious anarchists wish to abolish the State, and the victorious Socialists to preserve it. While everybody, including the anarchists, prophesied another civil war, it now seems possible that it can be avoided. The coalition between the two parties is working well and they may be able to divide up Spain in such a way that the anarchists recognize a highly decentralized government as a necessary *étape* on the road

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to its complete disappearance, or they may themselves become corrupted.

I fear I have written all this and still not explained the feeling one gets in this city. The pervading sense of freedom, of intelligence, justice and companionship, the enormous upthrust in backward and penniless people of the desire for liberty and education are things that have to be seen to be realized. It is as if the masses, the mob in fact, credited usually only with instincts of stupidity and persecution, should blossom into what is really a kind of flowering of humanity. We are used to processions in London, either State pageants or dismal affairs of policemen and mackintoshes, but round the procession in Barcelona on Sunday there were no police. Two hundred thousand people marched by in the sunshine—Anarchists, Socialists, Communists, Federalists, in their brown and green with their bands playing seductive *sardanas*, foresters with their axes, peasants with their hoes, nurses, children, regiments of militia-girls, all singing and watched over by a few stewards with badges. They took five hours to pass. Anyone who could see this could see that here was something which it would be an unimaginable piece of human malignity to destroy, which it would, indeed, be impossible to destroy; for such a movement can only go underground, as it has gone in Seville and Saragossa, to reappear in some Sicilian Vespers with a bitterness that is now lacking.

Meanwhile we must learn to sit quiet and practise non-intervention, an arrangement by which every democracy is allowed to remain in the privacy of its own burrow, awaiting the visit of the stoats.

## II. Russia Looks North

*By* Walther Pahl

Translated from the *Deutsche Rundschau*, Leipzig Political and Literary Monthly

For centuries the hope of finding the Far-Eastern wonderland of Cathay drove bold mariners down to the sea. No sooner had America been discovered than the idea emerged that the shortest way to Asia ought to be across the Far North. The Englishman Sir Hugh Willoughby was the first to attempt to reach Cathay by way of the Arctic West-East passage. On May 20, 1553, he left London in his ship the *Edward Bonaventure*. He was stopped along the Murman coast and perished miserably, together with his entire crew. It was not until 1878–79, 325 years later, that the Swedish explorer A. E. Nordenskjöld for the first time in history successfully accomplished this passage. His ship, the *Vega*, required twelve and a half months for the journey from Göteborg to Bering Strait. Like him, those who were successful in following him —Vitkitski, Toll, Nansen (*Fram*) and Amundsen (*Maud*)—had to spend a winter frozen in the ice, since one summer was not enough for the trip.

In the year 1932 a decisive step forward was taken in the struggle to open up the Northeast passage: the Russian ice-breaker *Sibiriakov*, under the direction of Professor Otto Schmidt,

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completed the voyage from Archangel to Vladivostok between July 28th and October 1st, *i.e.*, in one season. The first summer trip in the opposite direction, from Vladivostok to Murmansk, was accomplished in 1934 by the ice-breaker *Lütke*. She required eighty-three days.

Since these successful expeditions, the Soviets have been obsessed by the conviction that they can, as it were, 'correct' geography, that is, open up the Arctic coast of Asia to regular traffic. As a matter of fact, in the summer of 1935 two ships which varied only slightly from standard commercial steamers succeeded in making the Northern sea passage both in the westerly and in the easterly direction, and they made hardly any use of the ice-breakers which stood by. All four ships were heavily loaded, each carrying about 2,000 tons of foodstuffs and supplies for Arctic observation posts, as well as a number of passengers and animals.

The Russians believe that the aim of putting the Northeast passage in the service of normal shipping is now at last within reach.

Today the Soviet Union regards the conquest of the Arctic as one of its most important tasks. The Arctic Institute, founded in 1928, was still purely a center of scientific Polar research. The Central Administration of the Northern Sea Route (Glavsevmorput), under the direction of professors Schmidt Jansen and Ushakov, today forms an independent People's Commissariat, having not merely research purposes, but economic and colonizing tasks on a large scale. The dominion of this new Ministry extends over the 20,000 miles of Arctic coast and the islands that lie off it, as well as over the mainland of Eastern Siberia north of the 62nd parallel. This Central Administration has immense means at its disposal: for the year 1936 alone it received half a billion rubles.

II

Whence the impetus for the Soviets' feverish urge toward the Arctic? Russia has always been bitterly aware of the fact that geographically and from the standpoint of transportation she is at a great disadvantage. What she lacks, above all, is free access to an ocean that can actually carry world wide traffic. The urge toward such an ocean has determined Russia's history for more than two hundred years. All efforts to push through to the open sea having failed, the Soviet Union today is concentrating upon solving the task of utilizing the Northeast passage for commerce. For commerce? Without a doubt: for commerce *too*. For the chief motive of attempts at Arctic colonization must be sought in the military and strategic situation of the Soviet Union.

It will be recalled that, in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904–5, the 'Baltic Squadron' took the precaution of avoiding the Suez Canal, reaching Japanese waters by way of the Cape of Good Hope. This certainly was no short-cut! Perhaps the war might have taken quite another course had the Russians been on the scene sooner, that is to say, had the sea passage from Archangel to Vladivostok been open to the Russian Baltic Fleet. Today a Russo-Japanese conflict is again in the air. At any moment a border incident may become the fuse that will explode the tensions accumulated in the Far East. Across the Amur the

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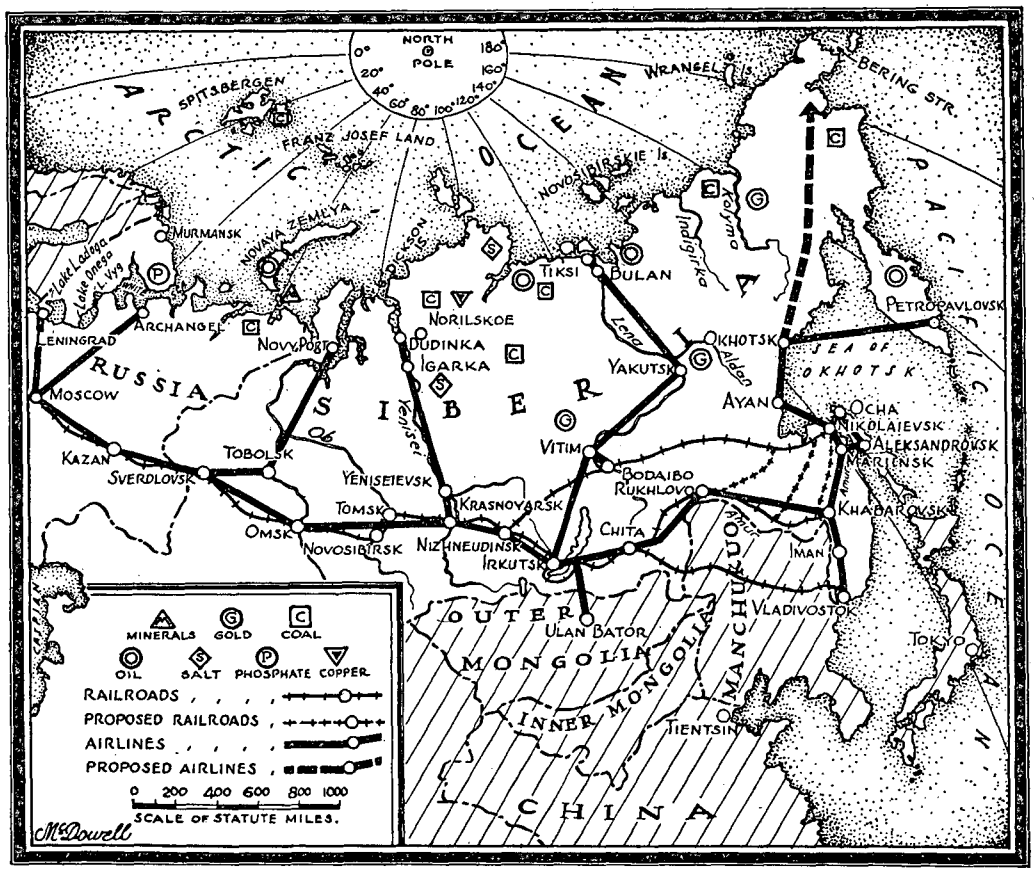
armies face each other in perpetual preparedness for war.

The Soviets are constantly extending their position for the threatening conflict. A glance at the map reveals at once that in case of war it should be comparatively easy for the Japanese to sever the connection between Moscow and Vladivostok and thus cut off the Soviets from the Pacific coast. That is why Russia seeks new ways of assuring the connection between Moscow and the Pacific. Two hundred and fifty miles north of the Trans-Siberian line, along the Amur, the Soviets have built a second line, with the help of several hundred thousand political prisoners. This makes it clear how enormously important it is for the defence of Eastern Siberia and the Russian Pacific coast to have a Northern passage immune from attack—even though it can be utilized only for a short time each season.

The new Baltic-White Sea Canal, built in the years 1931 to 1933 by 'brigades of forced labor,' forms, as it were, the strategic 'approach' for the Northern sea passage. The canal, first of all, creates a connection between Lakes Ladoga and Onega, made possible by dredging the river Svir. From the northern tip of Lake Onega the canal then runs to Lake Vyg, whence the river of the same name flows into the White Sea. This canal has cut the

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water passage from Leningrad to Archangel from 2,840 to 674 nautical miles. The Soviets did not build this canal merely in order to be able to bring their lumber cargoes to market more quickly from the north. The fact that the locks are 350 feet long, 50 feet wide and 25 feet deep shows that this waterway may be navigated by smaller war ships, and, above all, by submarines. The construction of the Baltic-White Sea Canal is an important phase in the Soviet struggle for the strategic mobilization of the Far North.

III

Far beyond this, however, the opening of the Northeast passage also brings into view unlimited perspectives for mobilizing a barren realm of immense extent, whose economic wealth does not by any means consist merely of furs, blubber and lumber. According to the geological map prepared by the Arctic Institute in 1934, minerals have been found at 228 places in the Arctic—coal (73 places), oil, gold, graphite, lead, zinc, tin, copper, nickel, among others. The coal mines on Spitsbergen (Barentsburg), which belongs to Norway, are being exploited as a concession by the Arktikugol Coal Trust, which is under the Central Administration of the Northern Sea Passage. They are supposed to have produced half a million tons of coal in 1936. These coal deposits, together with the coal on the Kara Strait, supply the fuel for Arctic navigation.

In addition there are coal mines in operation in Norilskoe on the Yenisei, on the Lena, and on the Anadyr on the coast of the Bering Sea. In many places oil has been found: among others on Novaya Zemlya, on Cape Nordvik, at the mouth of the Lena and in Kamchatka. On the Kola Peninsula, near Kirovsk, valuable phosphate deposits (apatite) are being exploited. There are supposed to be 200 mineral deposits on the island of Vaigach, which lies between Novaya Zemlya and the coast. (Soviet statistics, however, must never be taken too literally.) At present only fluor spar is obtained here on a large scale. Salt deposits are found, among other places, in the district of Norilskoe and in the region of the mouth of the Khatanga. The copper and nickel ore deposits near Norilskoe are estimated to contain 160,000 tons of metal. Finally, the Arctic contains rich gold deposits. As early as several decades ago gold began to be obtained along the river Vitim, a tributary of the Lena. More recently gold has begun to be produced in the region of the River Aldan. There are fifty thousand people there today, against three hundred people in the year 1903. Even farther north, chiefly in the region of the river Kolyma, a new gold mining district is rising. A number of expeditions have been active here within the past year.

It is quite unnecessary to put any stock in the fantastic estimates of the possibilities of Arctic colonization. This much is certain: the opening of the Arctic passage could have considerable importance not merely strategically but also economically.

Of what use are Arctic resources without the man power to harvest them? It remains to be seen whether the Soviets will succeed in making permanent settlements along the Arctic coast—settlements able to survive on something more than preserved food. The Soviets have long been experts in

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flooding the world press with sensational reports about 'Arctic' wheat varieties, 'vegetable gardens along the Arctic coast,' etc. The truth, for the most part, is quite different. Actually nothing has been accomplished beyond the planting of a few acres of vegetables under glass along the coast. This is not to deny that Arctic agricultural research has succeeded with a number of remarkable experiments. But the path from the laboratory to practical application is usually longer than is anticipated.

At any rate, life in the Arctic has not yet by any means lost its great dangers—such as scurvy. Until now Arctic colonies, insofar as they are not scientific stations whose personnel is replaced (or, at least, supposed to be replaced) each year, consist largely of political prisoners. For the rest great efforts are made to recruit volunteers for Arctic service with promises of high pay and Red Army rations.

The most important settlements have sprung up around the 'harbors' built during the past few years at the mouths of the Siberian rivers Kolyma, Indigirka, Lena and Yenisei. The most remarkable among them is the port of Igarka, which has recently been created in the broad delta of the Yenisei, about 400 miles from the sea. In the year 1928, 43 persons lived here. Today this 'metropolis' of the Arctic already has a summer population of 20,000 souls.

Igarka is the goal of the expeditions into the Kara Sea which were occasionally undertaken even before the War, but which for more than ten years have been made regularly and on an ever increasing scale. Last summer no less than 38 freighters are supposed to have gone from Europe to the new ports on the Ob and Yenisei. In Igarka the chief cargo of the ships consists of the valuable timber of Siberia, and the export of lumber and lumber products from and through Igarka has grown from about 6,000 tons in 1930 to more than 113,000 tons in 1935. By combining the work of radio stations, airplanes and ice-breakers, the Soviets have succeeded in so building up the weather service in the Kara Sea that the journey from London, Rotterdam and Hamburg to the Yenisei has been reduced to from eighteen to twenty days.

IV

The successful results obtained so far in opening up the Far North are to be ascribed, above all, to the utilization, on a large, planned scale, of modern technical equipment. Of the seventy radio stations along the coast and on the islands of the Arctic Ocean thirty are manned the year round. The northernmost station—on the 80th parallel—lies in the bay of Tikhaya, on Hooker Island, which belongs to the Franz Josef Land group. It consists of seventeen men and five women. The observation work of the Polar stations is carried on in close collaboration with the Arctic flyers doing pilot service. On the basis of their observations of ice movements they report to the captain where open passages may be found. In addition, the planes maintain communication between the Polar stations and the mainland and provide the food supply. There are, for example, several airplane bases opposite the mainland on Wrangel Island, which was annexed by the Soviets in 1924 and which was inaccessible to ships from 1921 to 1924. Today airplanes are available for personnel replacement when ships

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are unable to reach the island. The Arctic flyers have played an outstanding part in exploring the Northern sea passage. The Soviets today have a large number of pilots with a wealth of experience in Arctic flying.

The air traffic department of the Central Administration of the Northern Sea Route intends to put into operation, by the end of the year 1937, about 18,000 miles of airway. Already a number of branch lines run from the trans-continental airway line between Moscow and Vladivostok to the Far North. They follow the rivers on the route: Tobolsk–Novy Port, Krasnoyarsk–Dudinka (Dickson Island), and Irkutsk–Yakutsk–Tiksi—and though they are only occasionally flown, they are apparently well-marked. Last year the Khabarovsk–Okhotsk line on the Pacific coast is supposed to have been extended to Anadyr and Cape Wales on Bering Strait. The opening of an airway from Cape Wales along the coast to Archangel (which for some years has been the terminal of several branch lines) and to Murmansk has been announced several times.

The great aim of Russian Arctic flying is the opening of an airway across the North Pole to America. In this connection mention should be made of the bold pioneer flights accomplished in March-April of 1936 by the Russian flyers Vodopyanov and Makhotkin to the Polar station on Franz Josef Land. The 3,000 miles from Moscow by way of Archangel–Novaya Zemlya to Franz Josef Land were covered in only twenty-four flying hours. Today regular trans-Polar air traffic from Moscow to San Francisco still transcends the technical capacities of aviation, but regular flights across the North Pole within one or two decades are by no means idle imaginings.

The fact that the push into the Arctic has strategic aims is confirmed by the zeal with which the Soviet Union has incorporated into its territory the islands lying about 20,000 miles off its Arctic coast. On April 15, 1926, the Soviet Union notified the governments that it laid claim to all islands, discovered as well as undiscovered, between the North Siberian coast and the North Pole, that is, within the sector between 32 degrees, 4 minutes, 45 seconds east of Greenwich and 168 degrees, 49 minutes, 32 seconds west of Greenwich. Toward the end of 1924 the Soviet flag was raised on Wrangel Island, which had been annexed by the United States according to the right of the first discoverer. In 1928 the Soviets seized Franz Josef Land, discovered by the Austrians. Clearly the all-Russian imperialism of the Soviets reaches to the North Pole!

## III. The Jews in Poland

*By* Israel Cohen

From the *Contemporary Review*, London Topical Monthly

THE calamity that has overtaken the Jews in Germany has served to divert attention from their sufferings in other countries of Central and Eastern Europe, but the campaign of terrorism in Poland to which they have been subjected during the last seven or eight months has now as-

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sumed as alarming a character as the Nazi persecution itself. Week after week, and almost day after day, since last September, brutal attacks have been made upon the Jews in some part or other of Poland, in which many have been killed and still more injured. In outward character they are reminiscent of the outrages committed by the Nazis against the Jews for some years before Hitler came into power: Jews whose only offence consists in being Jews are assailed with clubs, knives, and pistols; their houses and shops are raided and demolished, their synagogues are stoned and even bombed.

The lawlessness of which the Jews have become such helpless victims recalls the outburst of anti-Jewish hostility that marked the birth of the Polish Republic. It was because of that outbreak of anti-Semitic savagery which lasted from the end of the War until the middle of 1929 that the Allied Powers insisted upon Poland signing a Minorities Treaty that would safeguard the lives and rights of her Jewish subjects as well as those of her other racial or national minorities. Now that seventeen years have passed, it is depressing to have to record that the Treaty has been hallowed more in the breach than in the observance, and to note that its systematic infraction has served as a prelude to the present epidemic of Jew-baiting.

Their fundamental grievance consists in their distressing and increasing impoverishment, for which they hold the Government largely responsible. According to the letter of the law there is no discrimination against them whatsoever. But unfortunately the facts of the situation show that the wretched position of the Jew is largely due to enactments deliberately, though not avowedly, aimed at them and to discrimination exercised by every branch of the administration. They form only a tenth of the total population, numbering about 3,250,000, but in consequence of Poland's fiscal system, they provide about 20 per cent of the revenue; for the urban population, although only a fourth of the total population, furnish over half of the revenue, and the Jews, who form a third of the urban population, are invariably assessed at a higher rate than their Gentile neighbors.

II

Wherever the Government is able to interfere in economic life, it exercises its influence to the advantage of the Polish element. The Jews have been systematically driven out of the various State monopolies, such as tobacco, salt and matches, in which very large numbers of them were formerly employed. Before the war about 95 per cent of the tobacco workers in Bialystok, Grodno, Vilna and Warsaw were Jews; but today all the factories are under Government control and Jews are excluded. They are discriminated against in regard to the grant of concessions and licenses, and the few Jewish concerns that have been fortunate enough to have dealings with the Government are afraid to employ Jews lest their Jewishness become pronounced and prove a liability. Those who need credit for business purposes are unable to obtain it, or only to an insignificant extent, from the two Government banks, which follow a much more generous policy in regard to the appli-

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cations of non-Jewish individuals and coöperatives. In the industrial sphere the position of the Jew has been seriously handicapped by a law that requires master artisans, who are alone able to take apprentices, to pass examinations not only in their trade but also in Polish history, literature, and geography, and to travel to a particular center for the purpose of the ordeal—an enactment which presses heavily even upon the most expert Jewish craftsman of many years' standing and diminishes the opportunities of the younger generation to engage in manual occupations.

Training for manual vocations in technical schools is also rendered difficult by official restrictions. In the Government technical schools Jews form only 5 per cent of the pupils, and in the municipal establishments as few as 2 per cent. The Jews have therefore been obliged to establish their own technical schools, of which they have thirty-four, but they receive only about 1 per cent of the grants given by the Government to such institutions, although the fund from which the grants are allotted is largely derived from a supplementary tax paid by Jews in addition to their trade licenses.

A similar policy of discrimination prevails in all the universities, where a *numerus clausus* is enforced against them, although it is not officially admitted. The limitation is imposed most rigorously at the medical faculties, which Jewish students are most eager to enter in order to acquire a profession that may provide them with a livelihood; they are less keen about entering the faculties for arts and philosophy, where civil servants and teachers are trained, as they are excluded from all branches of Government employment, including the schools. In the legal profession, too, their path is obstructed, as a student before qualification must have three years' practice in a clerical capacity in a law court, positions to which few Jews are appointed.

The result is that a very large number of Jewish students are compelled to wander forth into other lands in search of higher education at more hospitable universities. The number of such exiles is estimated at 10,000, and they are dispersed in France, Belgium, Italy, Czechoslovakia and other countries. Most of them are students of medicine, but when they return home with their degrees they are obliged to sit for fresh examinations before being allowed to practise.

III

Whatever explanations the Government may offer in extenuation of the anti-Jewish policy pursued in the aforementioned spheres of activity, it can hardly plead freedom from responsibility for excluding Jews from its own employment. When Galicia belonged to Austria, Jews in the railway service formed 8 to 9 per cent, in the postal service 7 to 8 per cent, and in the State schools, as teachers, 4 to 5 per cent. But now in all these branches, they hardly make up 1 per cent, and even this consists of survivals of former times. No Jewish teacher can obtain a post in a Polish school, and Polish teachers' seminaries have for some years refused to admit Jewish students. In the administrative departments of the Government there is hardly a single Jew, and no new Jewish officials are appointed. There

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are 10,000 Post Office savings banks in the country, which derive 60 per cent of their deposits from Jews, but there is not a single Jewish official among them all.

According to the Minorities Treaty the Jews are to receive 'an equitable share' of the State funds available for educational, religious, and charitable purposes. But, although they form a tenth of the population, the total amount which they receive for all purposes is only 200,000 zloty out of a budget of 3 billion zloty. On the other hand, the position of the Jews in various municipalities has been weakened through the inclusion of suburban areas: they cannot obtain employment in the municipal service nor are they granted contracts. Their numbers in the Seym have been reduced to insignificance. Once they had thirty-six members in the Polish Parliament, but now, in consequence of the electoral reform, they are limited to five. Their diminished representation is a reflection of their political impotence, and this is even surpassed by their economic misery.

Their poverty is due not only to the variety of causes already described, but also to other important factors. The spread of consumers' coöperative societies, especially among the Ukrainians in Galicia, has had a ruinous effect upon thousands of Jewish tradespeople; and equally disastrous will be the consequence of the recent passing of a law that has limited the slaughtering of cattle by the Jewish ritual method to the actual requirements of the Jewish population. Previously that method was regularly practised for the slaying of all cattle in a large number of towns, and it provided a source of livelihood for some 40,000 Jews (slaughterers, butchers and assistants), but now more than half of them will be thrown out of employment. And to add to their distress and their galling provocation, Jews engaged in any form of trade are the victims of recurring boycotts.

Even ten years ago it was estimated that there were 1,000,0000 Jews too many in Poland, owing to the numerous economic handicaps to which they are subjected. It is commonly accepted that one-third of the Jewish population is on the verge of starvation, one-third can just eke out a bare existence, and the rest have little but the minimum comfort. About 150,000 families are dependent on loans from the Jewish communal loan funds (largely created by means of relief funds supplied by Jewish philanthropic bodies of America and Great Britain), but although the amounts granted to each individual do not average more than a few shillings, they are nevertheless applied for by one-half of the Jews in Warsaw, Lodz, and Bialystok, by over two-thirds in Vilna, and by similar large proportions in hundreds of other centers. Unfortunately the Jews do not receive any benefit from the Government fund for the unemployed, as the law does not provide for the relief of small artisans and traders.

But helpful as the loan funds are, their resources are utterly inadequate to the tremendous needs. The result is that beggary is rampant throughout the country, suicide has spread among all classes, and many of the younger generation are driven by despair rather than conviction to the allurements of Communism. Before the War and in the first few years after the Peace, emigration provided an

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outlet for the natural increase, which amounted to 50,000 a year. But now, owing to the anti-immigration restrictions of most countries, only about one-seventh of that number are able to leave each year in quest of a new home, and the great majority seek it in Palestine.

IV

It is against this somber background of cumulative misery and despair that there is now raging a violent campaign of the most brutal Jew-baiting. The present outbreak has been almost continuous since last September, but there were several outrages also during the early part of last year. It is generally acknowledged that those mainly responsible are the members of the two political parties, the Endeks (National Democrats) and the Naras (National Radicals), who constantly boast of their determination to drive the Jews out of Poland.

That they have been incited by the example of Nazi Germany is unashamedly admitted. 'Germany's success,' wrote the *Gazeta Warszawska* (April 19th, 1935), 'teaches us in Poland to adopt the same policy, which will force the Jews to organize their own mass emigration. We can do that only by making the Jews realize once and for all that there will be no stopping until not a single Jew is left in Poland.' And in pursuance of this barbarous policy the same crude and savage methods have been adopted that were applied by Hitler and his henchmen for some years and enabled them to rise to power. The Endeks and the Naras are likewise striking at the Jews in order to discredit the Government and to replace it, and the unequal fight is such as to make one despair of civilization. The campaign is fomented not only by the anti-Semitic newspapers previously in existence, but also by a large number of new journals that have been started in many towns, obviously with the help of foreign money, and all devoted to the propagation of the boycott and the pogrom.

As long as Marshal Pilsudski was alive any violent manifestation of anti-Semitism was promptly and vigorously suppressed, for he understood full well that such exhibitions of barbarism, besides being reprehensible in themselves, did serious damage to Poland's prestige abroad. But since the death of the Dictator, the enemies of the Government have displayed increasing audacity and a ruthless determination to make life for the Jews in Poland impossible. To enumerate all the acts of violence that they have committed in recent months would entail a long and appalling record of savagery, which has broken out in nearly all parts of the Republic and is directed indiscriminately against all Jews, irrespective of age or sex. Knives and pistols, stones and clubs, iron bars and bombs, are the weapons that are commonly used in these attacks, which are aimed not only against Jewish lives and property, but also against synagogues and even cemeteries—exactly after the Nazi model. A selection of some typical incidents during the past twelve months, in chronological order, should suffice to illustrate the general character of this campaign of terrorism.

In Vilna a bomb was exploded beneath a synagogue. At Radomsk a Jew was stabbed to death. In Grodno

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there were repeated assaults upon Jews in the streets, from which three died. At Sokoly, near Bialystok, a Jewish funeral party was stoned. At Chorzelow (Polish Upper Silesia), eleven Jews were seriously injured by hydrochloric acid thrown upon them in a theater. At Czestochowa Jews were brutally beaten, and the windows of Jewish houses and shops were smashed. At Widzew, near Lodz, uniformed anti-Semites attacked Jewish shops and poured carbolic acid upon foodstuffs. At Pogon, near Sosnowice, a bomb was exploded near a synagogue, and a Jewish boy was killed. In Posen and Torun Jews were forcibly ejected from cafés. At Wongrowiec riots culminated in the burning down of the house of the president of the Jewish community. At Dabrowa, near Sosnowice, the synagogue was broken into by miscreants who desecrated the Ark of the Law, tore up the sacred scrolls, and carried off the silver ornaments. In Posen the Association of Restaurant Proprietors were compelled to sign an agreement with the Endek students to buy only from 'Aryans' in order to insure that the students would not smash their windows. Bombs were thrown into Jewish cafés in Kielce, into the courtyard and synagogue in Kattowitz and into a synagogue at Sosnowice, into Jewish houses at Lipiny and Hrubaczow, and into Jewish shops at Yusefow and Vilna.

This is but a very brief and typical selection of the outrages of recent months, the victims of which so far number 80 Jews killed and about 500 injured. Probably the worst case of vandalism was the pogrom on March 9th at Przytik (Radom district), where a carefully planned assault was made upon the small Jewish community: four Jews were killed or died of injuries and over fifty were seriously injured, and twenty-two persons were arrested, including five Jews accused of illegally organizing their self-defence! At the trial, which took place in June, of forty-three Poles, eighteen, including those accused of murder, were acquitted, while the rest received sentences of imprisonment ranging from six to twelve months; on the other hand, of the Jews, who were guilty of nothing worse than self-defence, three were sentenced to terms of penal servitude ranging from five to eight years and eight to imprisonment from six to ten months. Comment upon this parody of justice is superfluous.

Throughout this period of terror the Polish students at the universities have distinguished themselves by their savage attacks upon their Jewish fellow-students, whom they wish to drive away from the seats of learning. At Posen over twenty Jewish students have been injured. At the University in Lwow one-tenth of the 2,200 Jewish students had been assaulted between last October and February, and of the 380 Jews at the Polytechnic over sixty had been seriously injured. Instead of punishing the culprits the Polytechnic authorities ordered the expulsion of seven Jews for signing a protest against the attacks and reproaching the authorities with failure to act, and although the expulsion was subsequently annulled the students were suspended for three terms. At the University of Cracow there have been similar rowdy scenes, and at the University and the Polytechnic in Warsaw the scandal has been so disgraceful as to necessitate the

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temporary closing of these institutions.

The Government has certainly been active in its attempts to suppress the reign of terror, but this is now so widespread as to baffle its efforts. The Endek party has been repeatedly dissolved in various districts, and raids have been made upon its offices in Warsaw, Lodz and Cracow, where inflammatory literature and even bombs have been seized. Nevertheless, these Polish Nazis, after poisoning the population of Western and Central Poland, have spread their agitation to Volhynia, Podolia, and other localities in Eastern Poland, inciting the White Russian peasants, and offering prizes of anti-Semitic calendars and books for every ten members who join their movement. Hundreds of the perpetrators of the outrages have been arrested and tried, but unfortunately they form but a fraction of the large number who are guilty, and the sentences imposed are not drastic enough to have a deterrent effect.

The members of the Government are fully conscious both of the real motives of the Jew-baiters and of the disgrace they are bringing upon their country. Mr. Raczkiewicz, former Minister of the Interior, speaking in the Seym on March 6th, made a vigorous attack upon the Endeks, asserting that 'anti-Semitism is only a means in the hands of the Endeks, through which they desire to obtain power in the country.' A fortnight later, after the pogrom at Przytik, Prince Radziwill, speaking in the Senate, declared that both as a politician and a Christian he must denounce the Endek activity and their Jew-baiting, and Count Rostworowski appealed particularly to the Catholic clergy 'to use their influence and authority and try to quell the wave of hatred and strife that is sapping the life of the nation.' It would be futile for the Jews to appeal to the League of Nations, for Poland has officially repudiated its right to intervene. They can but hope that the Polish Government will summon sufficient courage to adopt still more rigorous measures to stamp out an evil that is quickly degrading their country to the cultural level of that of their Nazi neighbors.

### Happy Hunting

Although, owing to the present situation in Spain, certain farms and coverts have inevitably suffered, I feel that anyone who would care for a pleasant bit of hunting in a more agreeable climate than usual, might do worse than try a season with the Calpé Hounds.

—From *Riding*, London

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The author of *Salar the Salmon* writes a pathetic story of the animal world.

# *The* Otter

*By* HENRY WILLIAMSON

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

ONE morning a stranger called at my cottage and said that there was a dead otter hung up outside a farm-house door in his village. The otter had been shot the evening before. A farmer had seen it crossing his pasture, near a stream, while rabbiting just before twilight. 'Why had he shot it?' I cried hotly. 'Well,' replied the stranger, 'when I asked the farmer the same question, he merely replied, "What good be it, anyway?"' He told me that the otter had been an object of much interest in the Ebrington Arms the previous night, and also of considerable argument about its being able, or unable, to breathe under water. It was, of course, added my visitor, a land beast that got its living in the water, chiefly at night.

'But here's the point,' he said. 'The otter was a bitch otter, and there's a litter of cubs somewhere by the river-side.' He believed he knew where they were: in a drain running down from a marsh. He himself was a crock, he said, having been badly hit in the War, and couldn't dig; but would I care to lend a hand, in the hope of saving the cubs? Rather. I left my writing-table gleefully, and with my spaniel pup leaping and frisking around me, went outside to where a pony and jingle were waiting.

There weren't many motor-cars in Devon in those days, and our journey along the sunken lanes to the valley where my new friend lived took the best part of an hour. It was early spring, and the stony surface of the lane was running everywhere with water. The shaggy little moor pony went down the last steep descent very slowly, leaning back against the shafts, while the spaniel, forbidden to go into the fields because of rabbit traps, ran backward and forward, lifting his nose and then stopping to stare reproachfully at me.

I was as eager for quicker progress as he was, although neither of us knew what a difference that journey beside the jingle was going to make to our household. Our household, I must tell

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you, at this period consisted of the dog and myself, a small black-and-white cat with one kitten, and a pair of white owls. Various other birds had lodged with us for short periods—magpies, a carrion crow, and a diving bird called a razorbill, which I found on the shore one day with its feathers clogged by oil-fuel. It was a wild little community, one commonly said in the village to be 'mazed,' chiefly because the cottage windows were open night and day; but we went our own way quite happily.

About two hours later, my spaniel was wagging his tail-stump, and whining anxiously, to know what it was I was holding in my hands. The dog had never seen nor smelled such a creature. When it was put on the ground, he didn't know what to do about it. He gurgled, he yowled, he barked with puzzled excitement, he licked it, he pushed it with his nose, he licked it again. It was about the size of a rat, and yet it had not bitten him, as a rat recently had, in his nose. It was like a small rabbit, yet it did not run away. Indeed, it could scarcely crawl. And it made slight, snuffling, mewing noises as it sought around it blindly with its wide, flat head and minute, blunt nose. 'Good boy, Biell!' I said to the spaniel, as I put it in my pocket. We had opened the earthenware drain—which was choked higher up the marshy field—with careful blows of a pick, where we had heard the mewing cries, and found within two cubs, one of them lukewarm, just dead. It had died of starvation.

The immediate thing was how to feed this small, soft animal, pushing so languidly against my hands. We took it to my friend's house, and gave it cow's milk diluted with warm water, in a fountain-pen filler, through a hole nipped in the rubber squeezer. The cub sucked several fills and then fell asleep in some cotton wool. My friend was pleased with his new pet.

I returned home in the evening, to be greeted by the little black-and-white cat mewing as she ran along the wall of the garden, her tail fluffed up. She always waited on the wall for us, and showed her affection for the spaniel by arching herself against him and purring loudly, although always the dog ignored her. I lit a fire and prepared and sat down to supper. I sat in the tall-backed Windsor chair, cat on one side of me and dog on the other, both looking up and awaiting tit-bits. Afterwards I browsed before the teak-wood fire, while the spaniel slept against my feet and the little cat curled up against the dog. The next morning I was sitting at the table and writing *Dandelion Days*, while the cat nursed her kitten and our tame chaffinch hopped about the floor for crumbs. The chaffinch came every morning, but the cat knew the bird and never tried to catch it.

II

Suddenly as I was writing the dog sprang up and rushed barking into the drang or passage-way outside; the chaffinch flew away; the cat, all fluffed up, fled to the dog's help. '*Biell!*' I shouted to him, '*will you shut up!*' He slunk back, following my friend of the day before, carrying the otter cub. 'I'm afraid it's going to die', he said. 'The cow's milk is obviously no good. Forgive my butting in like this, but I thought you might know what to do.' We looked at the cub feebly moving on the table. The

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spaniel stood on his hind legs and whined, glancing at it and then at our faces. Then the cat leapt lightly on the table. She arched her back, and growled. We watched. She swore undecidedly at it. Its mouth opened, but no sound came. She moved slowly towards it, and after much hesitation got near enough to sniff it. She drew back, and made as if to strike it with her paw, but altered her mind just before touching it, and merely tapped it, and held her head on one side when its mouth opened and uttered an inaudible mew. It was inaudible to me; but the cat must have heard it, for she put her head on one side, and quizzed it with a new interest. I noticed that the pupils of her eyes were round and very black. Then she glanced furtively about her, as though thinking of escape; then she cocked her head sideways again; and suddenly swore at it, and jumped off the table and padded up the wooden stairs to the bedroom above, where her kitten was lying in the dog's basket. I followed her up, and she mewed pathetically at me. Her eyes were still very dark and round. She was less than a year old, little more than a kitten herself.

I took the kitten downstairs and put it on the table beside the otter cub. I rubbed their noses together, and then their tummies. I put them on the stone floor, side by side, and immediately the kitten began to cry out, feeling the cold. Chirruping anxiously, the cat came pattering down the stairs, and giving a cry of reassurance, went straight to it. She made several attempts to pick it up by the scruff, but she was too small, and, looking up at my face, asked me, with the faintest mew, to carry it for her. I picked up cub and kitten together and sat on the edge of the table, and she sprang up lightly beside me, rubbed her ear on my hand, and then lay down on my lap and purred happily while both snuggled into her. And thereafter the otter cub was fed and washed and enjoyed equally with her own kitten, until it was strong and well enough to go back to its owner. For there was no question that my friend wanted the cub for himself: and he had made me swear to secrecy while it was in my care.

He brought it up on a bottle, and by midsummer it had grown bigger than the little cat which had undoubtedly saved its life. Let me describe its appearance. It had short, thick fur, brown as a bulrush; a long, low body which seemed to glide over the ground, so short were its legs. It had a long tail, thick and strong, tapering to the end. Its head was wide and flatter than a cat's head, with small ears almost hidden in its fur, and a wide mouth set with whiskers. Its feet were like a dog's feet, but sturdier, more splayed, and there was a web of skin between each of its toes. How it loved a watering-can! Or better, a hose-pipe turned into a zinc washing bath on the lawn under the apple trees! It would roll on its back in the water, and try to clutch and bite the jet. The water smoothed its hair, and gave it resemblance to a small seal.

III

Of myself and its master it knew no fear, indeed it would run to either one of us when it saw us in the garden, but of strangers it was suspicious, gliding away on its almost invisible legs and returning and stopping again, perhaps to open its mouth and utter a sort of growling hiss. It had two call sounds

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to its master—one like fingers drawn down a wet pane of glass, and the other a greeting cry of *tuckatuck*. It was fed on milk, on fish, on part-cooked rabbit flesh mixed with dog-biscuit and vegetables. All that summer it ran in the garden or followed its master on his slow hobbling walks by the river and down the sunken lanes. It came to know my spaniel, and the two would play together. And during the following autumn, while its master was away in hospital, it came to live in my cottage, a secret and hidden guest during the day, and a rover with us at night. Usually at twilight we went for a walk down the valley, hunting in the little runner or stream for eels and trout.

And one night, when it had gone farther from me than usual, I heard a sudden hissing and chattering coming from a distant dark hedge with the excited and dismayed yelping of the spaniel. I ran over to the noises. The otter was in a rabbit gin. It rolled and twisted as it bit the iron, and then its paw, rolling and blowing in fear, and snapping at the spaniel, whose sudden agonized howling told that the sharp, incurved teeth had met in its body somewhere.

I took off my coat and threw it over the otter, whose frenzy of strength was amazing. It was some time before I managed to hold it between my knees and then, with my hands, depress the steel spring of the trap. Feeling the wounded paw, it seemed to me that three of the toes were almost severed. I was bracing myself to hold it firmly in the coat, when suddenly the coat was empty.

For an hour, two hours, three hours, I searched down the valley, calling and listening, while the idiot spaniel thought we were after rabbits. I never saw it again.

But wait, did I ever see it again? I can never be certain. Two years later I found the imprint of an otter's feet by the lonely bog of Cranmere, forty miles south of my village, where five rivers have their beginnings; and one seal, or impression, appeared to be marred. Could it be? On that vast silence of peat and water and heather only the startled chirrup of a solitary pipit answered my thought.

IV

The otter is a wanderer, a gypsy of the waters. Sometimes it crosses from one watershed to another in its rovings, traveling and feeding by night and usually lying up by day in a holt under the roots of riverside trees, on rocky ledges, in tussocks of rushes, or on the mossy boughs of great old oaks overhanging streams, basking in sunlight or in rainy weather sleeping curled within their hollow trunks. The otter hunters, with their hounds, know these places, which are used again and again, season after season, and maybe century after century, by wandering otters. I saw many otters killed after long hunts during the summer days, when the rivers were low and at last the hunted beasts could swim no more, but in their last desperate fatigue turned to face their enemies, and were crushed and pulled and broken in the deep-growling worry. I saw many killed thus—but never one with a maimed paw.

Once a friend told me of an otter found drowned in a crab-pot on the coast of the Severn Sea, and thither I went, and sought and found the fisherman: but it was not my otter.

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And one winter night I heard a cry as of plover whistles, soft and oft repeated, in the darkness outside the cottage, and the cat heard it too, and her fur fluffed out before the fire and her eyes were suddenly large and dark, and the spaniel sprang up and ran whining to the small round cat-hole near the bottom of the door. Outside the churchyard elms were seething, the Atlantic rain lashing down, the streamlet was thick and noisy, and in the feeble rays of the electric torch I saw a twin glint, and then—nothing. Had the otter chanced this way, following the stream down from the hill, and coming to the waterfall where so often it and its human friend had played in the darkness—remembered—and been anguished with memory? Only the rain from the Atlantic, beating down on tree and thatch and gravestone, knew the answer.

Two days later an otter was caught in a rabbit trap on the high ground overlooking the sandhills and the estuary of the Two Rivers, and when I heard of it I went down to the village near the sea, and spoke to the trapper who had beaten it to death with a stick. But the 'girt mousey-colored fitch,' he said, had no scar on either of its forepaws: it was a 'girt broad-headed dog-fitch' whose skin was worth ten shillings. A bit of luck, they agreed with him in the inn.

The stationmaster of one of the little West Country stations which still have oil lamps and rambler roses was trouting one evening when he noticed he was being followed by an otter. For more than ten minutes as he went slowly upstream, casting his line, the otter followed him. It 'snorted at him like a seal' he declared afterwards, saying that it must have been after the fish in his creel. Had the otter cubs 'laid-up' in some drain or holt by the river? Could it have been my otter—once so faithful and affectionate—disturbed again by a feeling within itself which it did not understand?

And the otter I saw once near the cave of seals below the headland—where the peregrine falcons have had their eyrie for perhaps a thousand centuries, perhaps even before the large weasels took to hunting fish in the rivers, and thus became webbed and streamlined and deep-chested for underwater hunting—the otter which ran toward me over the big gray boulders at the edge of the sea, and hesitated, and stared, and was so perturbed by apparent curiosity, even as I was?

And I recall suddenly coming upon a happy family playing under the waterfall of the stream near my cottage by the tall beech trees—the white surge of water and the dark heads moving there—was my otter among them, sliding over the falls again and again, a merry party of water-weasels whistling and fluting and clutching one another in play, while the trout in the pool below were hidden in terror in their holes and hovers of the rock?

And was it, perhaps, the otter which came upon a thousand yearling trout, so carefully reared and tended in the little hatchery at the bottom of the garden, and finding this sudden wealth spent it royally, according to its nature, so that only seven were left uneaten the next day?

And another morning, just before sunrise, as I was walking by the dawn-silvery stream, I heard a great splashing and furrowing in the gravel shallows above the Viaduct Pool, accompanied by growling and 'hurring'

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noises—and there was an otter dragging a salmon by one of the fish's pectoral fins. It had hunted the fish about the pool, and driven it upstream to the shallows where in its terror it had beached itself. I watched the otter tearing at the flesh of the shoulder—and then the otter saw me. It seemed to flatten and spread itself into the water, like brown oil, and went down with the current. I waded across to the twitching fish, and was about to bang it on the head with a stone when the otter returned, pattering up the shallow.

I also stood still, staring. Wasn't that brown, flat head, back-sloping, familiar?—surely the off front paw was maimed—and those small eyes staring at me. . . . 'Tuckatuck—tuckatuck' I called, 'tuckatuck—tuckatuck.' Was there an answering cry or was it the cry of the river, the eternal cry of water striking rock and stone and gravel-bed, all the way down from the moor to the sea, wherein its wandering life is forgotten? I can never know. And that lower half of a skull found on the sandy shore by the estuary—with most of the teeth fallen out . . . an otter's jaw. I wonder . . . I wonder.

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## Comfort

*By* William Soutar

From the *Left Review*, London Marxist Monthly

Love is so easy there
  Behind the wall of a hedge;
Love is so easy if the heart is alone
  And its world a garden's edge.

Easy to bless the flower,
  The bird that sings and is gone;
Easy to bless the tender light
  Whose touch is warm upon stone.

But to hear the cry of the street
  Like a knock upon the door;
And to see the hedge a wall of thorn
  Against the breasts of the poor;

Then love can be no more light
  If it break its garden down,
And give itself into stranger hands
  And to ways it has not known.

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# Persons and Personages

## General José Miaja

*By* M. J. K.

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

GENERAL JOSÉ MIAJA, leader of Madrid's Defence Junta, received us in his study in the War Ministry at Madrid. Our car had been stopped at the gate of the park for one second; then, after glancing over the passports, the guard had let us pass. The car sped through the beautifully laid out English garden up to the big old palace.

When we entered the spacious drawing room, the General rose from his desk. It was covered with documents, letters, scrap books, and maps composed of innumerable clippings from the big General Staff map. José Miaja asked us to sit down at the window in comfortable armchairs and to be patient for a few minutes. He sent off some telegrams. Next to him stood his nephew, Segundo Miaja, a man of vigorous, robust appearance, with a high, arched forehead and thinning gray hair. A little further away stood Perez Martinez, Miaja's personal adjutant.

The General's nephew offered us cigarettes. We helped ourselves. We lit our cigarettes and looked out of the broad window, which faced the Bank of Spain. It was 11 A.M. The General dictated orders. He spoke in a low voice, but so distinctly that I could hear the words, and could have made out the connection had I wished to do so. I did not wish to do so.

'How old is this man?' we asked ourselves. Fifty-seven, we guessed. Later on we learned that this was correct. He has the serene face of an aging man who has followed a clear, straight path from armorer to general. Miaja comes from a worker's family at Eibar, in Vizcaya. The Miajas have always been armorers, the usual profession in that old town of sword-makers, that second Toledo. They moved to Oviedo, the capital of Asturias. José entered the Infantry Academy. This proletarian owes it to his own ability that he was able to complete his education. The furrows in his broad-browed worker's face are like the life lines in your palm. They must already have given promise when he was a young man of what he was destined to become. He has kindly eyes and wears gold-rimmed glasses.

One or other of the telephones was always ringing. They were answered in turn by Miaja's nephew, by the adjutant, or by one of the officials who kept walking in and out.

The General raised himself slightly from his chair and leaned over

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toward me. He stopped work. I exchanged the chair at the window for one opposite him. Our conversation began.

We immediately had the feeling that Miaja does not like to talk, especially to strangers. He has no time for them. You get the impression that he would prefer to say: 'Write what you please!' But he did not say it. On the contrary, he leaned back as far as his chair would permit, as if he wanted to say: 'Here I am, completely at your disposal.' Loudly, almost brusquely, he began to speak.

He spoke about his life, beginning with the campaign in Africa, where he had received two promotions in rapid succession, not because of his age, but because of his achievements in the war. Then he became commander of the San Fernando Regiment. His staunch liberal attitude caused astonishment in a world which revolved almost completely around imperialistic ideas. Attempts to appoint him to a post in the Ministry followed. He preferred life in the open, on the battlefield, on the drill ground, on the territory of the scouts. Miaja wanted to give young men a liberal education. He turned to the scout movement with the greatest enthusiasm. He was appointed commander of these young adventurers. In England he had seen what could be made of boy scouts.

'When did you become a general, Your Excellency?' I asked.

'Eight years ago.' At that time he was in command of the First Division in Madrid. As soon as Spain became a Republic, the high military official could begin to act as a man, as the representative of the people. Fearless, he opposed with unyielding tenacity every attempt to build up a revolutionary movement. In July, when the Civil War broke out, General Fanjul of the enemy troops did not dare to occupy the commander's residence because Miaja was in charge. Later on, Miaja went to Valencia. As head of the Third Division he raised its General Staff to the level which circumstances required. Then he went to Albacete at the head of his troops and pushed the Cordoba front forward to what is still the decisive sector.

We were interrupted. Colonel R., Chief of the General Staff, entered. He is Miaja's confidant. The General has many acquaintances, which means that many people know him fairly well. But he has few friends and only two or three confidants. He seems to be sociable, but in reality he lives in seclusion. When he goes out, he is accompanied by his escorts. In the evenings, when he takes his privacy, he buries himself in the world of adventure stories.

While the General and the Colonel were working at the table where the maps were displayed, we asked his nephew, whom Miaja treats like a son, for some details about the General's daily life.

'I beg you not to ask him any questions about his family!' Segundo whispered into my ear. 'None of us mentions that tragedy. Most prob-

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ably the least mention would cause him to break down. You see him hard, serene, in control of himself. But he is subject to sudden impulses. His nerves are sensitive and strained to the utmost. Please spare him as we spare him. He has nine children, two grand-children, two sons-in-law. All of them, and his wife too, are in the hands of the enemy. Most of them are in African prisons. They were surprised by the war while they were in Melilla. A son, a lieutenant of the special police, was wounded in the battle of Talavera, and has been taken prisoner. In the summer, when the war began, the General received the following message from the other side: "We are holding all your relatives as hostages for whatever actions you may undertake against us." Only one of his children could be saved. You know that now. Keep silent about it in his presence. I have seen him cry only twice in his life: when his father died, and when he lost his son at Talavera. At present he works incessantly. He is up at seven o'clock, and you can see him at his desk until ten at night. He hardly allows himself any sleep. He eats only once a day. In the evenings he drinks some malted milk. Abstinent, very severe as far as he himself is concerned, but generous to his associates—that is Miaja. He hasn't a peseta aside from his salary. He is very fond of children. . . .'

Miaja had finished his conversation with the Chief of the General Staff. He heard his secretary saying 'children.' He came up to me, broad-shouldered and heavy. 'Yes, I do love children very much. But unfortunately I can't have any around me. These days, everyone in Madrid must part with the children. The bombardments, you know. They dropped incendiary bombs onto the Ministry a short time ago. Seven cars were burnt in the courtyard. The boys' —Miaja pointed toward his elderly associates— 'want me to move. Why? The other day I was at the front and was bombed. The car fell into the shell hole and got stuck. I broke my arm in the fall. But that's how war is!'

War. . . . We asked the General for a few words about the situation of Madrid.

Again Miaja sat at his desk. Again he leaned back in his chair, throwing out his chest. (I don't remember which of the secretaries told me that no physician is permitted to examine him.) His armorer's hands lay heavily on the table in front of him. Finally the expected words came: 'Write what you please. The enemy has been before the city for a month. He has not succeeded in advancing. Is that enough? I am a soldier, Señor. We are erecting barricades, and are not to be frightened.'

The General's white head almost touched the map of Madrid on the wall. We remarked: 'Master of Madrid!'

Miaja laughed in denial. 'I come from the people, Señor. The people have put me in this place. I am the people of Madrid.'

It was twelve o'clock. I took my leave.

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## The Japanese Hitler

*By* Heinz Pol

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague German Émigré Weekly

At a recent meeting of Doriot followers in Paris I made the acquaintance of a well-informed young Japanese. He spoke a little German, though with an utterly ludicrous accent. I don't know what he took me for; perhaps my mere presence there was enough to make him regard me as a true blue Nazi. At any rate he went to a café with me and told me about the latest developments of Fascism in Japan. His remarks were well worth taking down.

'Japan's coming man,' he said, 'is Seigo Nakano. In France no one has heard of him yet, and in England perhaps only Mosley knows about him. But in Germany and Italy he is known personally, for during the last five years he has visited those two countries several times. Seigo Nakano is fifty years old today. He is the founder and leader of the Toho Kai Party, which means roughly the 'Society of the East.' It is *the* Fascist party of Japan. Before the last elections it did not have a single seat in Parliament; today it has fifteen deputies. Every week now one reads that members of the three great Rightist parties, which have formed a United Front, have joined Seigo Nakano's party.

'Who is Nakano, and where does he come from?' I asked.

'You see, so much in Japan is so vastly different from anything in Europe that it is impossible to draw comparisons. On the other hand, certain developments show an amazing similarity. Nakano reminds one very much of Mussolini or Hitler. He is the son of an attorney, and from early youth he has taken an interest in politics. He early became a leading member of the Kokumin-Domei Party—an out-and-out reactionary party of the Right. About six or seven years ago Nakano began to study European conditions. At that time the economic crisis, following a brief boom, had begun to rock Japan. Nakano read Mussolini's speeches and was enchanted by them. He recognized that this was the way things should be done. Millions of the discontented who would otherwise fall a prey to Bolshevism must be got together. Five years ago he drew the consequences, resigned from his party after a violent clash, and founded his Toho Kai Party.

'I don't know to what extent he had already been influenced by Hitler at that time. At any rate, from the very beginning he sought to establish contact with the younger radical officers of the Army and Navy. At the same time he succeeded in gaining influence in the press and in

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drawing to his side a number of the younger economists and the more alert industrialists. He became a friend of Professor Kita, the editor of a Japanese Nationalist newspaper, the *Sokutu*. It was in his company that Nakano visited Italy and Germany for the first time in 1932. In Italy he made the acquaintance of Grandi, in Germany that of Goebbels. I cannot tell you much about this first visit. But I know more about Nakano's second visit to Berlin in the fall of 1934, for I was there at the time myself. Nakano was introduced to Hitler and had long conferences with Goebbels and Rosenberg. Ultimately a Japanese Bureau was organized; it is still in operation today. Furthermore, the Berlin Ambassador is one of Nakano's men. Things have been running very smoothly, especially in recent months, thanks to the support of the Minister of War, Terauchi. It may even be Terauchi who is Japan's coming man. At any rate, Nakano will not be able to get anywhere without him. Fortunately the two are close friends, for they are pursuing the same aim. Terauchi is at least as popular as Nakano, especially in the Army, where he is called by his nickname of "The Robot." Oddly enough, the reason why Nakano's agitation has been especially successful recently is because it has been directed fundamentally against conditions created by "the Robot."'

'I don't understand,' I said. 'What do you mean?'

The Japanese smiled politely at the fool from the Occident: 'Quite simple! The Cabinet, which is completely dominated by Terauchi, has introduced a tremendous new rearmament program, and this program will mean a heavy tax load. To give you a few examples: the tax on beer has been raised 6 per cent, the income tax 30 per cent, and inheritance taxes have been doubled. The rearmament program is necessary, as I need not tell you, and Terauchi does not care one bit whether he needs five or ten billion yen more to realize his purposes. He has already started a great many projects with the money. For instance: the air service has only recently been provided with a really well trained corps of officers, and training schools for the young and an academy for tank training have been established.

'But all this has its reverse side, especially the dissatisfaction of the masses, who are complaining about the high taxes. To keep them from sliding off into Communism there is Nakano, who, of course, has been holding mass meetings throughout the country for months to protest against the high taxes—to the great satisfaction of the "Robot." Nakano's party first must get a few million followers. Then the members will gradually be educated in the right direction and made to understand that rearmament means sacrifices. The line of development is quite plain.'

'The only question is whether Nakano and Terauchi will remain

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permanent friends,' I threw in. 'Or, if not, who will swallow the other. Remember Hitler and Hugenberg!'

'I don't think the comparison is quite correct,' the Japanese smiled. 'To be sure, Terauchi is already nearly sixty; but he represents views which are even more radical than those of Nakano; at least, he has fully grasped the essence of Fascism. Since he has merged the two main news agencies under state supervision, he controls the entire Japanese press. Insofar as Japan has been modernized—and this holds true for industry, commerce, transportation and the press—no principles other than those followed in Europe can be applied. Terauchi has not yet visited Germany; but through his Berlin military attaché and through the German military attaché in Tokyo he receives all the material he needs in order to work out the methods by which certain things can be achieved in Japan.'

'When do you think Nakano and Terauchi will reach their goal?' I asked.

'We Japanese don't like to prophesy, but it can hardly be more than a short time, for we are already in the middle of the transition; the foundations for what in Europe is called dictatorship or the authoritarian State have been laid. At any rate Nakano is half a dozen stages farther along than, let us say, Doriot . . .'

Apparently the Japanese have not yet adopted any Fascist salute, for the amiable Fascist offered me his hand when we parted and shook mine firmly.

## Pacifist in Exile

*By* Howard DeForest

FROM a cell in a German military fortress to the Barbizon Plaza, just around the corner from Central Park South, is a change that few men make. Ernst Toller, author of *I Was A German* and several successful labor plays, must have been aware of this as he strode across the lobby of the hotel.

He grasped my hand, and as we moved toward the door, he explained that a telephone call from Los Angeles had detained him.

In his thick German accent he asked me if it would be all right with me if we went over to the Park to feed 'his pigeons.' As we crossed Fifty-eighth Street he clutched my arm tightly and jerked convulsively as though trying to pull words from in front of the speeding motor cars.

Diffidently I asked him whether he ever had any trouble with his artistic conscience when he sat down to write his plays, whether art and

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propaganda ever clashed in a writer who used working people as his subject.

'Art and propaganda,' he said. 'They are like water and oil. No matter how expert the mixer they can never form anything but an emulsion. An artist's first concern should be his fidelity to his own interpretation of the phenomena about him. Political causes, even political injustices as such, and you know how hard it is for me to say this, should be seen as a part of the whole when the playwright sets out to express something that people throughout the world, people of every class, of every income group, will see. This is not to advocate the emasculated attitude of the commercial theater. In that kind of theater the playwright says nothing because he wants to take money from everyone who has any. In the non-commercial theater—I hate to use that word because a theater's success is determined by the number of people who are willing to sacrifice to enter it, and money seems to be the most convenient common denominator—a playwright wants to make the people aware of the world in which they are living.

'In my own case,' Toller continued—we had crossed Fifty-ninth Street by this time and had started to circle through the Park toward the Zoo, 'I began to write plays during a tumultuous period in my life. In 1914, just before the frontiers closed, I returned from a walking tour through France, which many not too poor and ambitious students take, in time to fight in the German Army. Thirteen months I fought. Then, wracked by the months of service, I was forced to the hospital. I was pronounced unfit for further duty. I spent several months in the forests of Thuringia trying to find the reason for the crazy carnage I had just gone through. Worn by constant warfare, we crouched in dugouts and waited desperately to repulse the attacks of the Allied forces. Behind the lines food grew scarce. Our few leaves of absence showed us how little the people got from the war that had been thrust on us by egomaniacs thirsty for power and glory.

'The faintly sighing pines of Thuringia reminded me more powerfully, by contrast, of the grim battle whose prelude of four years' warfare was just being played. I longed for the biting power and, too, the self-possessive power of withdrawal that Heinrich Heine had had. I was not wont to serve as a grenadier.

'Others I met also thought as I did. We organized a peace movement. Throughout Germany we sent messages asking those men whose intellectual honesty had caused to ring in our hearts before the War the feeling that our generation had had a noble heritage that must be added to. That heritage, we thought, was the one thing that mattered. Riches, wine, and comfort—those were things for weaklings. We longed to live in the rarefied air of service.

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'You smile?' he asked, turning with a shy and yet proud look on his face, 'We didn't smile.

'In that our time of need, the older men of Germany did not heed our call for freedom and justice. The propaganda machine had silenced them under threat of reprisal on their families and estates. We fought alone. Only the workers, steel-workers, cotton-workers, flour-workers, even dock-workers handling war supplies listened to us. That made up my mind. When anyone says, "Your ideas are fine, but the worker is living in bad conditions because he wants to. If you helped him that would change things for a while, but soon conditions would be the same as they are now"—that man I call a fool. If once the workers were to live like human beings, then you would see and feel a power for goodness the like of which has never been seen before.'

We had reached the Zoo, but Toller strode up and down on the flagged stones before the peanut stand. Then he realized where he was.

'I've been boring you,' he said, apologetically.

'Not at all,' I answered politely. What could I say? No gushing phrase could have lightened his spirit.

He bought some peanuts. Beyond the stand he took off his hat and handed it to me. Pigeons clustered around him. Two or three fluttered near his hand. A daring one alighted and pecked at the nuts. Slowly, carefully, Toller lifted it to his face. The nuts in his hand had been eaten. More nuts between his lips attracted the pigeon's attention. The pigeon looked at Toller. Toller looked at the pigeon. Then the bird pecked at a nut. Again the pigeon pecked. As calmly as a canary on its swing, the pigeon perched on Toller's forefinger. The nuts disappeared. With a reminiscent smile, the author of the *Swallow Book*, who had for five years rejoiced as swallows returned each Spring to build their nest in his prison cell, turned to me.

'Patience,' he said. 'All it takes is patience.'

We turned to go south again.

'Everywhere I looked,' Toller said, as though he had stopped only to pick a raveling off his coat, 'I saw people suffering. Individuals they were, but remarkably similar in their sorrow. That's why I rarely use individuals to illustrate ideas in my plays. You can feel sorry for another person, but you never do anything about the causes of that sorrow unless that person seems likely to be you. Whether the character is a woman, a millhand or a sailor, the worker sees himself in that character in my plays.

'Gerhart Hauptmann,' he said—I had mentioned him before, 'fails if his characters become impersonalized. His plays are based entirely on pity. The wealthy or well-to-do bourgeois is supposed to reach out a helping hand to lift up such people as are Hauptmann's characters.

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'Love, or charity, is the only law of living. Yet charitable organizations, even those with the purest motives, are only correcting the result of the harshness of someone or something else. There should not be even opportunity to show such charity.

'Yet Hauptmann's plays are a long step forward from previous plays. They show the first signs of a social conscience after Schiller. Rightly, of course, one can't call Schiller a humanitarian. He was, in *Don Carlos* and similar plays, a romanticist on whom reality grated too harshly.

'I am impatient with romanticists. They have little to recommend them to our modern world. It is the ability to adjust modern production to the needs of mankind that must be gained now. A short-sighted view of this is called materialism. A recognition of economics is not necessarily materialism. It may be a part of as fine a religion as that of Dostoievsky. Only when man has learned to adjust the little problem of distributing food and clothing so that everyone feels free to develop himself shall we have become anything but barbarians.

'Perhaps some day,' he said sadly, before he clasped my hand and then hurried off down the street, 'we shall be more than barbarians.'

## Yugoslavia's Boy King

*By* Roger Croquet

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

Most children, at the age of thirteen, know nothing of the serious problems of life and think only of enjoying themselves, of playing games. But Peter II, the young King of Yugoslavia, already bears upon his frail shoulders the heavy burden of kingship. Although he has not yet assumed the full responsibilities of his royal power, he is in close touch with the life of the nation, over which he presides with all the grace, with all the eagerness of youth.

Peter's daily life is regulated by an exacting and inflexible schedule. He rises at seven, and begins his day with a prayer. After breakfast, which he has with his family, the King and his two younger brothers take a short walk. Then at nine King Peter goes to the schoolroom, where his instructors are waiting for him. He is given four lessons, each of which lasts forty minutes. Lunch at twelve-forty-five is followed by rest and reading until three o'clock. The remainder of the afternoon is devoted to physical exercise, horseback riding, and other forms of relaxation and amusement. At half-past four the King takes tea with his family; dinner is served at half-past seven. By this time the King has finished with his duties for the day, and spends the evening with his mother. He never

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goes to bed later than nine o'clock. As the King loves to work out-of-doors, his lessons are given in the schoolroom only in bad weather.

One day, as the King and his younger brother Tomislav were coming back into the house from a lesson in gymnastics, the latter said to their instructor, in French: '*Regarde comme mes mains sont sales, nous avons bien joué!*' ['Look how dirty my hands are. We had a good game.']

Prince Peter, who was then eight years old, turned to the instructor and said: '*Avez-vous remarqué, M. le professeur, que mon frère vous a dit: "regarde" au lieu de "regardez"? Il faut lui pardonner, il est encore si jeune.*' ['Did you notice, sir, that my brother used the familiar form *regarde*, instead of the polite form *regardez*? He will have to be forgiven; he is still so young.']

Last year King Peter was complaining to his playmates that his mother was not giving him enough pocket money. Queen Mary, who wished to teach her son thrift, was only giving him a few dinars a week.

One day Peter II said to his mother: 'Mother, things can't continue in this way. I don't have enough money. I'm going to learn a trade.'

'Very well, my son,' the Queen Mother replied.

A carpentry shop was installed in an annex of the palace, and a master carpenter was hired. As soon as the King saw this new instructor, he said to him: 'Sir, I am counting on you to teach me how to make beautiful things, which I shall be able to sell easily, in spite of the depression. I need some money.' Needless to say, all of the things made by the King, with the carpenter's aid, were sold at a high price.

Last summer, the young King and his brothers spent their vacation at Milotcher on the seashore, and at Bled in the Slovenian Alps. Several youngsters belonging to a *Sokol* [gymnastic] club joined them there, and then there were jolly and exciting games in the great park, with its many sweetly-scented flowers, or near the blue sea which bathes the shore of Yugoslavia.

Now Peter II is beginning his fourteenth year. A whole nation has its eyes upon him. With tenderness and love the people follow his slightest actions; they watch him grow and develop into maturity. Alexander fell like a soldier for his country, the country whose territorial integrity he had sworn to maintain. Peter II will take good care to maintain that integrity, for he regards it as a sacred heritage. He is of the Karageorgevitch race, that line of heroes who unified the kingdom of the Southern Slavs.

Serbians, Croatians, Slovenes, Dalmatians, Herzegovinians, Bosnians, Montenegrins—all rally affectionately around their young sovereign. As well they may, for happy are the peoples who can unite around so smiling and handsome a child!

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Here are articles on two aspects of the civilization of the Far East; the first, by a well-known Canadian, on education in Japan; and the second, an interview about India's caste system.

# A Mirror *to the* East

## I. Schooled to Rule

*By* Willard Price

From *Life and Letters Today*, London Literary Quarterly

SCHOOLS for soldiers. Schools for sailors. Schools for brides. Schools for brewers. Schools for aviators. Schools for cotton spinners. Schools for diplomats. Schools for future administrators who will 'assist' the Government of Manchukuo, 'coöperate' in China, rule the mandated islands of the South Seas. Schools for manufacturers who are out to supply the world's gum shoes, electric bulbs and most other necessities of daily life, even including foods, at prices that will defy all competition.

Japan is at present swiftly expanding her educational system in response to the clear call she has heard to play a leading rôle in world affairs. She regards education as the right arm of manifest destiny.

No nation expects more of education. And with good reason. Education made Japan. Education has put her on a par with the other great powers. May it not, during the next century, carry her beyond them? Her pell-mell advance, many times more swift than that of any other nation, shows no signs of slowing down. For the unknown, but not undreamed of, triumphs of the coming age, super-education will be necessary. Therefore Japan is undertaking intensive education with a Spartan rigor and zeal unmatched in history. There are wrecks along the new speedway of knowledge—physical breakdowns, suicides, crushing of the weak. Japan is not heartless. She is sorry that some must fall. But the unfit must be eliminated that the nation may fulfill its destiny.

The educational task that has been carved out is prodigious. Japan is the first nation to adopt as a deliberate educational policy the synthesis of all

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the world's knowledge. All that the East knows, all that the West knows, Japan is determined to know. She shall be the interpreter between Orient and Occident. She shall not be an Eastern Power nor a Western Power—but a world Power. Intellectually, perhaps the only world Power. America pays little attention to whatever world there is beyond New York and San Francisco. England is insulated by British self-satisfaction—a Briton carries Britain with him even to India. To the German there will never be anything quite equal to German culture. Fascist Italy is firmly exclusive. Soviet Russia feels she has little to learn from others and much to teach them. So one might go through the list.

Japan is the one great nation openly, passionately receptive to all ideas from everywhere. She has been trained in that habit for sixty years and has found it good. Her success has been built upon it. She will not abandon it. Therefore we have the anomaly of one of the most intensely nationalistic of peoples becoming one of the most internationally-minded—and that without loss of patriotism. The Japanese are chauvinists. Love of country is their religion. They do not want to emigrate to other lands; instead, they bring all lands to Japan. The currents of thought flowing through Japanese classrooms are like a parade of the nations. Chinese classics, Indian Buddhism, Russian Communism, English law, French aestheticism, American pragmatism, German military drill and Danish calisthenics.

The learning of China and India came into Japan along with Buddhism. Schools were opened in connection with Buddhist temples, and Japanese youth made the acquaintance of the Chinese classics, herbalism, acupuncture, shampooing, divination, the almanac, and the composition of graceful couplets. Feudal lords opened schools for young samurai. But perhaps 90 per cent of the nation's youth received no education.

Schools of Western learning were begun by missionaries who arrived in 1859. But real awakening did not come until the Restoration in 1868 when the feudal lords were overthrown and the Emperor Meiji restored to full power. He proclaimed that 'henceforward education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family nor a family with an ignorant member.'

Commissions of investigation were sent to Europe and America. The French educational system looked best, and was inaugurated. But it did not quite fulfill the dream for a universal system, and since America had such a system, an American expert, Dr. David Murray, was called to reorganize Japanese education. The present system is chiefly of his building.

Even the American manner of education was not found perfect. For one thing, it developed too much individualism. So Germans came to teach the goose-step and Prussian pooling of personality. As Japan's horizons broadened, she appropriated bits from many lands, set them in her mosaic, then melted the mosaic to produce what is, if not the best, at least the most cosmopolitan and most rigorous school system in the world. America taught Japan how to insist that all children go to school, but Japan has outstripped her teacher. School attendance in Japan is today ahead of

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that in America. Of all Japanese children of school age, 99½ per cent are in school. No great nation in the world has a higher literacy than Japan. No nation spends more money on schools in proportion to its population and wealth. And no other nation has so swiftly mastered the lessons of past centuries and alien cultures.

II

Contrary to cliché, the Japanese are not imitators. They are assimilators. Nothing has been taken over as it is. Everything has suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange, something essentially Japanese, suited to the temperament of the people.

Anglo-Saxon influence is strong—but always transmuted, Japonized. After seeing the classes at work during the day, I explore by flashlight, in company with the headmaster, the revealing contents of rooms, desks and cupboards in a great primary school in Tokyo. I find many hands across the seas. Here is an English motion-picture machine. But the films shown in it are Japanese-made. They depict the glory and predict the future of Japan. Some of them are ethical. 'Ethical' means to a Japanese anything that will inculcate the abnegation of self and the glorification of Japan and the Emperor. Others are historical, reviewing Japan's always successful wars. Geography, science, literature, art, even mathematics, all presented from the distinctly Japanese standpoint, are covered in other reels.

We visit the natural history laboratory. At first it looks exactly like its Western counterpart. But all those birds and mammals in the cabinets are Japanese. The roving flashlight suddenly makes two white human skeletons leap out of a closet. They also are short, squat and native.

We find Western influence strong in the music room. Here is a grand piano on one side and an electric gramophone on the other. There is no sign of *koto* or *samisen*. And when I open a book and study the notes of a song, I renew acquaintance with *Darling Nelly Gray*. Yet some notes have been subtly changed, strangely Orientalizing the southern belle. And when the Japanese verses are translated to me, they have nothing to do with Nelly at all. Their theme is purely Japanese.

Other notes unmistakably reveal *Annie Laurie*, though a bit slant-eyed. And here are many other old favorites —*Old Folks at Home*, *Auld Lang Syne*, *Comin' Through the Rye*, *Blue Bells of Scotland*, *The Minstrel Boy*, *Home Sweet Home*.

I ask whether *Maryland, My Maryland* has been utilized. The headmaster does not recognize the name. I hum a bar. He stops me with a sudden gesture and glances toward the open windows.

'If a policeman heard that, you would be taken to headquarters for questioning.'

'Why?'

'Because it is the revolutionary song of the Communists. They themselves would not know that it had ever been a foreign tune. Certainly the police would be hard to convince.'

Thus many foreign songs have made themselves so thoroughly at home in Japan that they are regarded as native-born. Christian songs, picked up from the mission schools and restrung with secular words, blaze with the national spirit. Liberal use is made of the tunes of *Onward Christian*

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*Soldiers, In the Sweet Bye and Bye, Jesus Loves Me, This I Know.* A stirring marching song, by which the children goose-step back to the classroom after recess, has been salvaged out of *Shall We Gather at the River.* And I remember hearing *There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood* tapped out with one finger in a movie theater to accompany a picture of Manchukuo troops in pursuit of bandits. But in all this there is no thought of sacrilege. Words have been so changed that students today have no idea of the former associations of the melodies.

'Why not use Japanese airs?' I asked.

'Because the minor scale used in Japanese music gives it an element of pathos as compared with foreign music. It is dark, passive, reflective. It is not in tune with the new Japan. We need stimulating music. That is why some of your Church tunes are so useful. They were written to inspire confidence and faith; and they do it quite as well for patriotism and veneration of the Emperor as they ever did for Christianity.'

III

I find the same adroit blending of East and West in every other department of the school. Except one. There is one feature in which Japanese education allows no influence from the West. In the masters' room we stand before a great steel vault, and the headmaster informs me, in hushed tones, that within this vault are the portraits of the Emperor and Empress. If through fire or other misfortune these portraits are injured, the headmaster must resign. On notable occasions they are taken out, placed in frames which always stand ready for them in the auditorium, and venerated by all the students. Also, on the first and fifth of each month, the students assemble in the school yard to pray for the health of the Emperor. And they continue such veneration all their lives.

The Emperor-worship itself is not so significant as the fact that all the people join in it. It serves as a focal point for the hopes, prayers and ambitions of the nation. Every people needs focus. Japan has it, of burning-glass strength. The Chinese have often been likened to disintegrating sand; the Japanese, to clay. In China the family is everything, the State, nothing. In Japan also the family is everything, but the family includes the State. The mystic Emperor is the father. All are his children; and filial piety is the chief of virtues. The result is a family pride, staunch brotherhood and singleness of purpose unknown elsewhere in the world. The Japanese nation moves as one man; more accurately, as one family.

Not a day passes that this lesson of the family-nation is not taught in the schools. Each one for all—that Japan may survive! Not only does it enter into the teaching of every subject, but two hours a week every week for eleven years are given to 'Morals.' This has nothing to do with morals in the Puritan sense, but means filial piety, obedience to elders, respect for the Emperor and a complete willingness to die for him. All children in the Empire are put through the mill of this doctrine.

Students wear uniforms that they may remember their kinship and forget their dissimilarities. They are not encouraged to think for themselves, but for the State. They are not trained

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for democracy. Japan has always scorned democracy. Just as children do not know what is best for them, so, as Hegel said, 'The people is that portion of the State which does not know what it wills.' No, the Japanese are being trained to follow their leaders and make a solid impact upon history.

IV

Japan is girding herself to strike a body blow (by educational *ju-jutsu* if possible rather than physical war) at the giant that has imprisoned her—the giant of Status Quo. That Frankenstein was created and put on guard by the Powers after they had all they needed—all they wanted. He is the jailer of the Japanese. Somehow Japan must break jail. That, she considers, is inevitable, in view of her population density of 2,750 per arable square mile in comparison with 2,170 in the United Kingdom, 1,709 in Belgium, 819 in Italy, 806 in Germany, 467 in France and 229 in the United States.

Although her trouble is lack of territory, she is only secondarily interested in territory. Her people will not emigrate—they love their own country too well. Therefore what Japan wants most is sources of raw materials, a vast industrial system to transform these materials, and access to world markets. Thus she can support her millions. Astounding results have already been the yield of this policy. While the exports of other countries diminished during the depression, those of Japan increased hand over hand. Not only has Japan's industrialization during the last three decades established a world record, but she is still gathering speed. Favorable exchange, low wages, drastic economy, high technical skill, excellent machinery, inventive genius undreamed of by Occidentals who imagine Japan to be still in industrial infancy—these things plus a willingness to work, and a national spirit, *Bushido*, which reaches down into the fingers of the humblest mill-girl, make Japan the world's most swiftly growing factory-nation.

Back of all this success, which is only a foretaste of the success anticipated, is education. Education of the most utilitarian, 'how to do' sort. Japan, as yet, has no time for culture. Or, as some of her pragmatist educators say, she already has culture, two thousand years of it—what she needs now is machine-knowledge.

I secure an appointment with the Minister of Education, who is, at that moment, His Excellency Ichiro Hatoyama. A week later the personnel will change, so kaleidoscopic is Japanese officialdom—but policies remain unchanged, and whoever is Minister holds in his hands, while he occupies that office, the future of Japan. The Minister of War leads the nation. The Minister of Education makes a nation that can be led.

Upon entering his office, I notice that he sits with his back to the windows which look out toward the ancient moat and old wall overhung by venerable pines which give an air of deep Confucian contemplation to the Imperial Palace grounds—and he faces the windows which frame modern Tokyo, reinforced concrete buildings, three great wireless towers, a busy crossing where honking automobiles watch the stop-and-go signs.

He talks of many things—but constantly comes back to the practical nature of Japanese education.

'Subjects of study are selected,' he

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says, 'that will make education useful in daily life. Efforts are being made at the same time toward the development of vocational education as well as vocational guidance.'

He praises cultural studies. But he evidently feels that culture will not win the race for industrial leadership any more than a knowledge of Sanscrit will put a runner over the line. For an ideal system, he grants that too much energy is being concentrated upon the infusion of scientific knowledge. But that cannot be helped. Such defects will be remedied later—after the race is over.

V

He puts in my hands various reports and surveys describing the amazing array of special schools organized to fit students for the machine age. Here are schools in textile manufacturing, spinning, weaving, sericulture, making of rayon, metal industrial arts, industrial designing, precision machines, industrial chemistry, ceramics, chemical engineering, brewing, mechanical engineering, electricity, radio, automobile mechanics (Japan already exports automobile parts and is beginning to manufacture automobiles), aviation (Japan makes her own airplanes), naval architecture (Japan builds ships for herself and for the world), colonization, diplomacy, foreign affairs, foreign languages.

There are many schools that give thorough training in foreign trade—how to gather samples of what the natives of other lands are wearing and using, how to copy and improve such merchandise, how to manufacture it so cheaply that competition will be impossible, how to market it, how to handle credits.

The most striking object in the Minister's office is a symbol of Japan's pragmatic education. It is a glass-enclosed model of a square-rigged barque in full sail. The Minister explains that the original is one of four training ships of Japan's nautical schools. A great foreign trade requires a great mercantile marine. The best way to train officers for the sea is on the sea—hence the ships. And the best way to make a man of the world is to take him to the world—hence two cruises, each five months long, are made each year, one generally to America, and the other to the South Seas and Southern Asia.

The ships are equipped with power so that the men get practice in modern marine engineering.

Then why the sails?

The answer to this question reveals the heart and core of Japanese education. The sails are there to make it hard for the students. 'There is nothing to equal work on a deep-water square-rigger,' runs a report of the nautical schools, 'to harden and toughen a youngster. Training on a wind-jammer brings out qualities of iron nerve, quickness to act in emergencies, physical toughness, all of which are necessary to the future steamship commander.'

Nothing is made easy. Under the public school system, there are six school days a week. The number of school days in the year are from 220 to 240, as against a rough average of 150 in Europe and America. Summer vacations run from four to six weeks in length. Primary school theoretically requires six years, middle school five years, high school three years, university three years. That adds up to seventeen years. Actually, however,

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examinations are so stiff that any student who can complete his education in seventeen years is a prodigy. Many a student must retake his examination three or four years in succession before he wins promotion to the next higher school. The vast majority cannot make the grade—the few who do are graduated from the university at an age of from twenty-five to thirty.

Primary school is compulsory. The higher schools are not—and only 10 per cent of primary school students ever see the inside of a middle school. When middle school graduates bend over their high school entrance examination papers, they do it with the bitter knowledge that only one in fourteen can hope to pass. And of high school graduates who take university examinations, a third will get through.

VI

Knowing these hurdles which they must leap to get anywhere, Japanese students apply themselves with such grim zeal that even the failures among them are brilliant successes as compared with Western students of the same age. Curricula are overloaded—as they must be, since Japan means to learn everything, from all the world, simultaneously. The President Emeritus of Ohio's Western Reserve University upon visiting Japan was astonished to find that 'the Japanese student takes more lectures in a week than the American student in a fortnight, or possibly three weeks.'

The hardest job of the Japanese student is to learn his own language. Added to its own difficulties are the difficulties of Chinese—for modern Japanese contains a sprinkling of more than 50,000 Chinese characters. The primary student toils over his own language seven hours a week in class, seven hours a week at home, a total of fourteen hours a week for six years. At the end of that time he has mastered only about 3,000 of the Chinese ideographs (each having five or six different meanings). He can read a newspaper. But he is still baffled by a magazine or book, unless written in the most colloquial speech.

Even university students have a very uncertain knowledge of the literary language. It is supposed to be used in the composition of letters, articles, books. A young friend of mine in Tokyo Imperial University, principal institution of learning in Japan, confesses that his uncle rarely hears from him—because any letter to him must be written in the old literary form, and its composition is a long and fatiguing task. Even the greatest scholars cannot write without a good dictionary at hand. Educated Japanese find it easier to read Japanese classics in English translation than in the original.

It is also difficult for a Japanese to learn foreign languages, since they are not all cognate with his own. But he must learn them, and many of them, not in the academic fashion of the Western student, but so that he can actually use them in daily conversation and communication. Industrialism requires the languages of industrialism. And foreign trade will go to the trader who can understand the speech as well as the needs of his customers.

The strain of preparing to meet all the world on its own terms means physical breakdowns, nervous disorders, a frightful toll of tuberculosis, and a suicide cult. An English student

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would hardly commit suicide if he failed to pass an examination. But education means everything to the Japanese. His family is probably undergoing severe privation to send him to school—for there are no scholarships. If he repeatedly fails he cannot bear the disgrace. There are more than three thousand student suicides a year. The craters of the great volcanoes, Aso, Mihara and Asama, receive most victims. A relief corps is kept constantly on hand at the top of Aso to rescue those who strike a ledge and, terrified by the boiling hell close below, decide that even school is less formidable. Mihara on the island of Oshima is more popular since, once the leap is made, there is no possibility of change of mind. But some cannot wait until they reach the island. During the small steamer's trips across Tokyo Bay to the island during one recent month, twenty-two candidates for oblivion leaped into the sea.

Asama, far inland, is not so easily accessible—yet this Moloch receives its offering of many young lives each year. I climbed Asama recently in the company of eight students—chance acquaintances of the trail. At the top we scattered in the sulphurous fog to explore the edge of the crater. When we gathered and started down, there were seven students. One carried a letter addressed to the family of the missing boy. No one seemed surprised or perturbed by what had happened. Rather, they were glad that for one at least the burden had been lifted.

## VII

Where the educational strain does not break a man, it makes him. The Japanese educated mind is a precision machine. It can be geared to any problem and will grind away at it with an impersonal zeal. It has been disciplined to go on and on, without fatigue.

The body too has been severely disciplined. Dormitory life is monastic, the rooms chill, the food meager. Students, no matter how rich, are expected to share the simple life of their teachers—and the average salary of teachers in Japan is 60.40 yen, less than twenty dollars a month.

My Imperial University friend, whose father has been high in the Imperial Cabinet and whose samurai family includes a judge, a procurator, a governor, an adviser to Manchukuo and the president of a great political party, does not mind being a bit out at the elbow and down at the heel. A right-angle tear in the knee of his uniform has been awkwardly sewed up.

These things are badges of honor —signs of the stoic. When I protect my effete feet with three pairs of woolen socks against the winter chill of a Japanese floor, he is comfortable barefooted. On schooldays his lunch consists of a bit of rice wrapped in seaweed. Fish and vegetables suffice for his other meals. And yet his stalwart frame casts doubt upon the conclusion of Hearn, who saw no chance of the Japanese becoming great on greens and fish. 'The thoughts that have shaken the world,' he said, 'were created by beefsteak and mutton-chops, by ham and eggs, by pork and puddings, and were stimulated by generous wines, strong ales, and strong coffee.' But that was written in an age of the glorification of meat. Today Japan's simple fare is not only endorsed by scientists but verified by the

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brute strength of the Japanese on the farms, their endurance in the educational mill, prowess in the Olympics, and fortitude in war.

Physical training in Nippon's schools is rigorous, and has been credited with increasing Japanese stature one inch in the last thirty years. Bodies are built that will endure Manchurian winters, tropical heat. A *ju-jutsu* school in Tokyo holds its classes at 4 A.M. during the coldest winter months, and at noon during the hottest summer days. In all schools, military training is compulsory. Whereas four-fifths of American teachers are women, four-fifths in Japan are men—and these men are all soldiers. Normal school is so akin to an officers' training camp that graduates are required to spend only one year instead of the usual two in the army. They come out of school trained soldiers. These soldier-teachers start inculcating the soldier-spirit in their youngest charges. Little tots mark time, goose-step, march in platoons. As they get older, they go through the manual of arms with snap and precision. When the teacher enters the classroom, a young captain brings the class to attention with the sharp command, 'Stand up! Bow down!' The teacher returns the bow and the lesson begins. Decorum in class is almost too good. There is not a whisper. In the playground, games are regimental. Quarrels are exceptional—fights are unknown. The Japanese do not believe in wasting their fighting strength upon each other.

War songs are sung with fervor, new ones being constantly supplied with the approval of the Government. Excursions to military shrines, and for the inspection of great industries, are frequent. Military and industrial—that is the double emphasis of Japanese education. These excursions are no picnics. They often involve hard endurance marches, and Spartan fare in Buddhist temples. Military training is capped by the term which every young man must spend in the army. There the cult of severity and simplicity is supreme. The bitterest days of winter and the hottest of summer are seized upon for strenuous field exercises. Snow is welcomed as an opportunity for grueling 'snow marches.'

The chief outcome of all this is not mere physical toughness, but an ethical edge that will cut through any obstacle. Plain living, hard schooling, unquestioning obedience, the habit of application, the passion of 'patriotism' (a word and sentiment the polite world had supposed to be demoded), and the code of death rather than surrender combine to make men who are obtuse to discomfort. They seem not to know when they are cold, hungry, weary. And every quality that will serve them in war serves them equally well in the industrial conflict now under way. For industry is military. It is manned by soldiers. The soldiers, it must be remembered, are not a class apart in Japan. They are Japan. Every able-bodied man is a soldier, subject to a call to the colors, and in the meantime enrolled in the industrial army. Japan's economic march is being made by soldiers, disciplined, hardened, intensively trained. The domination of world markets and the leadership of an 'Asia for the Asiatics' will be, if realized, achievements of Japanese schools. It should not be surprising if education which has come from the whole world should go out again to influence the whole world.

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## II. The World of Kirpal Singh

*By* Anita Kashyap

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

WHEN a European hears or reads about a Brahmin, he usually imagines a strange, exotic individual, priestlike and unworldly, who has to perform an ablution if the shadow of an Untouchable falls upon him. The Brahmin about whom I shall speak is not at all like this. In appearance he does not differ from a modern young European: his skin is hardly a shade darker. He is a graduate engineer, speaks English fluently, and is as well informed about electrical equipment, Diesel motors, steam turbines, pump stations, etc., as is his European colleague. In Kandhagei, a mountain hamlet two hours from Simla, he manages and supervises the little power station; he earns 150 rupees a month, and on this he, his wife, and his two children modestly live.

I would not have given the matter of his caste a second thought if I had not noticed that he observed the ancient food laws scrupulously—a rare thing among the educated younger generation in India. He refused not only meat and eggs, but also cake and chocolate; in fact, almost everything the preparation of which he was not sure about, for he was afraid that it might contain eggs or animal fats. He did not eat from our plates, because meat and eggs might previously have lain upon them; and once, during a picnic, he even refused fruit, because it had been on the same plate as the egg sandwiches.

All this seemed rather startling, especially after the inspection of the modern electrical power plant, with its new European machines. I questioned him a bit and learned that he was a Brahmin who, despite his modern profession, conformed to the ancient laws of the Holy Scriptures, which he eagerly studied.

Even during a longer stay in India one rarely has the opportunity of meeting an orthodox Hindu who yet speaks English, and so I took advantage of the occasion to learn this man's opinion on the great Indian problem which was then the center of discussion: the struggle against Untouchability.

'What do you think of Dr. Ambedkar?' I asked him. Dr. Ambedkar was the talk of the day; he is an educated Sudra (*i.e.*, he belongs to the caste of the Untouchables) who believes that he has been appointed to be a leader of his fellow men; in their name he demanded the abolition of Untouchability, threatening a mass conversion to Christianity or to Islam in case his demands were not fulfilled.

The Brahmin, whose name is Kirpal Singh, answered me without hesitation: 'Inasmuch as Dr. Ambedkar wants to put an end to hatred and demands friendly relations between us and the Sudras, I am fully in accord with him; but one must oppose him for favoring joint meals, drawing water from the same well, common Church service, and even marriages between the higher castes and the Untouchables.'

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'In other words, you are against the abolition of Untouchability?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'but that does not alter my conviction that we owe the members of the Untouchable caste the same love and respect we do our own brothers.'

'But how is this division possible?' I asked, astonished. 'If you don't shake hands or take your meals with the Sudra, how can he feel anything but the dreadful humiliation which you inflict upon him?'

'Oh, no,' he said, 'that is not so.' And after a while he continued: 'I want to tell you of an experience in my early youth. I always used to spend my vacation with my grandparents in our home village. One evening my grandmother and I were sitting in front of our house when a girl who was employed to sweep the streets stopped and asked my grandmother for some information about the date of Bassant, our spring festival. "*Bibi mathatekdie hang*," said my grandmother, "we shall celebrate on such and such a day." Those words mean: "Maiden, I greet thee with reverence!"'

'That grandmother had shown the pariah girl the same respect we give all unmarried young girls of the higher castes impressed me deeply and made me realize that the Untouchables also have a claim to our love and esteem.'

'All right,' I said, 'but nevertheless neither your grandmother nor you yourself would sit down at the same table with Dr. Ambedkar, though he is doubtless a very educated, clean and well-dressed man?'

'No,' he said; and, noticing my astonished look, he added in the same reserved and explanatory tone: 'Our conception of cleanliness is different from the European. It is not enough for a person to be clean and well-dressed in order to be considered pure. Our philosophy teaches us that the whole world is but the body of the infinite God. Just as we regard parts of our body as unclean and do not touch them, or if we have touched them, wash our hands with soap, just so much is that part of God's body unclean which is formed by the Untouchables.'

Horrified, I replied: 'But how can this analogy be correct? I can see that according to a religious conception evil, immoral people might be regarded as unclean and their touch and influence be avoided. But to brand millions of these pitiable creatures as unclean who have committed no other crime than to be born the children of Untouchables—is that not cruel and unjust?'

'According to our doctrine of Karma nothing is accidental,' the Brahmin replied. 'Only he who has deserved this fate through his conduct in a previous life is born an Untouchable. Our own acts determine our fate in the next incarnation. An Untouchable is not to be pitied, for he is only doing penance for crimes committed. If in this life he has shown himself deserving, in his next incarnation he may be reborn a member of a higher caste.'

## II

Yes, I had forgotten it for a moment, that doctrine of Karma and the transmigration of souls which is the pivotal point of all human behavior and of all conscious life in India. This cruel conception, so pitiless in its logic, is the key to all that seems strange and inexplicable to us. Only a firm belief in reincarnation can ex-

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plain the fearlessness, even the indifference, of the hundreds and thousands who during the passive resistance movement faced prison and death. The key to the total absence of social revolutions in the history of India lies in the universal conviction that all suffering is an atonement for one's own guilt. Hence the equanimity of the millions who, from the European point of view, live a life of unbelievable poverty without rebeling against their fate; hence the chief characteristics of the genuine, un-Europeanized Hindu: the eternal equanimity, the imperturbable patience, the profound resignation, and the marvelous inner serenity.

'Don't you think that in a hundred years' time there will be nothing left of the whole caste system in India?' I asked my companion. 'There are already many cases of marriage between members of different castes today; a movement for the abolition of Untouchability is already under way, and with the education and the influence of the West penetrating the lower strata, the end of the caste system may soon be expected.'

'That may be true,' he replied, unmoved. 'Here, where the mountains stand, once only the sea is supposed to have been. Everything changes in the course of time. Why shouldn't there be evolution in the field of faith?'

'What?' I asked, astonished. 'Do you mean to tell me that you yourself don't believe that the precepts and institutions of your religion were created for all eternity, but are subject to change? Why, then, do you believe in them? Why do you cling to them?'

Without hesitation he replied: 'Because it gives me the greatest inner satisfaction. Because only in this way can I strive for inner perfection.'

Before I could reply to this typically Indian answer (and there would have been so much to say in reply!) Kirpal Singh was called away, and a few minutes later I saw him busy at the roaring machines of the power house. And while I looked at the beautiful spectacle of the setting sun, which made the tops of the surrounding Himalaya mountains glow red, I was filled, as often before, with amazement and a kind of admiration. I realized how little the complete transformation of the outward life of India—change brought about by science and Western civilization—has really affected the minds of the people, their ancient ways of thought, their emotions and their faith.

## Lost and Found

One of the latest Berlin jokes has it that the following advertisement recently appeared in a German newspaper:—

Lost, a parrot. Twenty marks reward for return. NB. Owner cannot accept responsibility for parrot's political views.

—From the *Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris

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Being a lively and colorful account of the world-wide trade in narcotic drugs.

# *The* Smugglers

*By* HENRY T. F. RHODES

From the *Cornhill Magazine*, London Literary Monthly

PARIS is no more a city of surprises than London, but some months ago an incident occurred in a street near the Champs Elysées at nine o'clock in the morning which caused a huge crowd to collect. A loud explosion was heard and the sound of splintering glass. Immediately afterwards two men rushed out of the house from which the explosion had come. Their faces were cut, their clothes were torn. They hailed a passing taxi, jumped in, and were at once driven away.

Police arrived, forced back the crowd and kept it at a respectful distance with a cordon. Something serious had clearly been afoot. Experts arrived from the Department of Judicial Police.

The details of what these experts found were not widely reported. It was known that they discovered a laboratory which had been partially wrecked by an explosion. It was extremely well equipped. The actual cause of the accident was not then reported. In fact, the two men who narrowly escaped with their lives had been engaged in rather a dangerous operation in more senses than one. They had been acetylizing morphine on an experimentally large scale to produce heroin. It is believed that this was a research laboratory engaged in experiments to evolve a method to cheapen the production of heroin.

By reason of this accident—although the research workers who were victims of it have not been arrested—one of the nerve centers of a large-scale illicit industry was exposed. To the practised eye the wrecked apparatus, the unbearably acrid fumes of acetic anhydride which filled the room told their own tale.

Illicit no less than legitimate industries have their specialized organization. This most modern phase of unlawful traffic which begins with illegal manufacture and ends with smuggled distribution is run as efficiently as any other modern business. It retains a team of highly qualified scientific workers and employs the

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most modern methods of production. It has nothing to learn from other industries as to efficiency in distribution. The finance at its disposal is practically unlimited.

Even now information regarding the machinery of the organization is not widely diffused. To open with the Champs Élysées incident is really to begin in the middle of the story. This Parisian laboratory was a new venture. The reason for the recent increased activities of the drug barons (as they have come to be called) in France is due to a well-defined set of causes.

## II

It is only necessary briefly to refer to the post-War history of drug manufacture and smuggling. As a result of the War drug-taking increased to an alarming degree. Realizing the demand, suppliers were not wanting. Drugs were manufactured and distributed in large quantities.

Those who directed (and direct) this organization are men who are smugglers by nature and choice. If it were not drugs it would be, and in many cases has been, arms, silk, or pictures. The methods and organization employed for the distribution of drugs is of the same type as that used to deal with any other contraband. It is more elaborate and efficient because there is so much more money in it.

As is well known, the League of Nations became extremely active. Advisory committees were set up to deal with the control of manufacture of narcotics. But the drug barons were for a long time in no difficulty regarding manufacture. There were European countries in which drugs could be manufactured without let or hindrance. Turkey was among them. The Government admitted that in the first six months of 1930 two tons of morphine and four tons of heroin had been exported. In 1931 Turkey was the center of this traffic.

But in 1932 the national conscience of a great people prevailed. The Turkish Government introduced drastic regulations for the control of the manufacture of narcotics. Turkey ceased to be a haven of refuge for the drug barons.

Bulgaria, however, was willing to accommodate them and to Bulgaria they went. In 1932 they erected the Balkan Products Factory at Radomir, near Sofia. Its chief chemist was a Frenchman of high academic attainments. The appearance of the building was as innocent as its name, but in the vats and cauldrons of its laboratories tons of illicit drugs were produced. There were six or seven other 'factories' of this kind.

The drug barons felt themselves secure. They built up influential connections which they hoped would insure immunity from interference. Their agents whispered in the ears of Ministers, and succeeded in gaining a hearing in the highest places. Even the Macedonian revolutionary organization, with its tremendous influence in Central Europe, was induced or compelled to coöperate. The barons had almost unlimited funds and knew how to spend them to advantage.

But they calculated without the international pressure that the League could and did exert to the full. Its most powerful ally and most able intelligence officer was F. W. Russell, chief of Cairo Police. Determined to stamp the evil of traffic in narcotics out of his own country, he realized

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that it must be attacked at its source. Indefatigably he collected information regarding the drug barons, coöperating with every police headquarters in Europe. Mr. Perrins, for example, of our own Home Office assisted him in exposing a powerful drug cartel known as the Eliopoulos organization. Mr. Perrins played the chief part in piecing together what Russell Pasha has called the 'Elie jigsaw puzzle.'

At last even Bulgaria closed its doors against the drug barons. These international pests had nowhere to lay their heads. That was the cause of the explosion which took place in Paris a few months ago. Such men as these are, however, not to be beaten so easily. They still had, and have, enormous influence and financial backing. The immunity they had enjoyed in regard to drug manufacture had been withdrawn. They decreed that the manufacture should continue in defiance of international law.

III

That is the new problem. The root of the evil has been attacked but not extirpated; the drug barons have had a severe check, but they have not been defeated. A chain of small illicit centers of drug manufacture have been set up in France and Central European countries, and they manage to produce sufficient narcotic material, and to distribute it, to cause the authorities a good deal of trouble. Owing to the decreased turnover, it is not the profitable business it was, but there is still ample reward for industry and ingenuity.

But distribution, the actual smuggling of narcotics whether licitly or illicitly produced, is one of the most remarkable pages in the long history of contraband. Every device and invention of civilized man has been pressed into the service of the modern smuggler. Men and women in every walk of life are their agents. Chemists and other scientific men, aeronauts, forgers, representatives of the law and even diplomatic agents are among the motley and talented company. This organization is linked up with the great lights of gangsterdom in America who protect the interests of the drug barons in the United States, where a very brisk trade in narcotics is done.

A certain gang of drug runners interested in the American traffic was, for example, able to secure the services of a man who had been a Chargé d'Affaires in Vienna. Under cover of his diplomatic passport he smuggled at different times a ton and a half of heroin into New York *via* Miami and Montreal. On one occasion he entrusted fifty kilos of the drug to an agent for delivery at a certain address. This man was held up, assaulted, and robbed. A few days later the Chargé d'Affaires was visited by none other than Jack Diamond. Diamond agreed to retrieve the stolen drugs and to find safe custody for the balance, concerning which the diplomat was very nervous. The drugs were, in fact, placed in charge of a member of the Diamond gang named Ludwig Auer. It was not very safe custody after all. Auer was murdered in the Central Hotel, New York. The drugs disappeared.

This almost incredible story speaks eloquently for the far-reaching influence of the European drug barons. The tentacles of the traffic centered in Europe stretch across the continents.

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The smugglers pass by steam, airplane and fast motor-boat with their contraband. Even the caravans of the desert go secretly loaded with drugs.

On September 9, 1932, a Frontiers Administration police patrol on duty at the Sinai frontier of Egypt met a caravan of twelve camels from Palestine on the way to Egypt. The men appeared to be respectable merchants engaged in legitimate business. Camel pack after camel pack was searched, and nothing suspicious was found. But one of the officers noted that an Arab who was dealing with the animals was carefully mixing up those which had been searched with those which awaited examination. He gave the officer in charge of the patrol an agreed signal indicating that his suspicions had been aroused. Immediately the six merchants found themselves covered by the rifles of the police. Practised eyes reëxamined the packs minutely. The saddle staves of some of the loads looked exceptionally stout. Tapped, they gave out a hollow sound. The mystery was solved. These staves had been split, grooved, packed with hashish, and fastened together.

The life of the preventive police in the twentieth century is as dangerous and full of incident as it was for English Customs officers in the eighteenth. Smugglers frequently desperately resist the confiscation of their merchandise. On October 15, 1932, the Egyptian police at last tracked down a notorious family of Arabs named Baqar who were brigands and smugglers of the most dangerous kind. The gang was finally cornered in what was literally a den among the sand dunes on the outskirts of Alexandria. 10:30 p.m. on October 23 was the time fixed for the raid. Baqar's headquarters was a collection of huts heavily guarded by an armed patrol. The smugglers opened fire as the police closed in and three policemen were seriously wounded. The whole gang, however, was secured and a large quantity of contraband including hashish and other dutiable material.

In Europe the smugglers' methods are less violent but more cunning. Those who control the distribution of drugs in Europe rely upon the difficulty and indeed the impossibility of examining every article to be cleared through the Customs in which contraband might be concealed. Some years ago a large consignment of broomsticks reached England from Germany. For some reason these broomsticks came under suspicion and several of them were sawn in half. These, like the camel staves, had been hollowed out. They were packed with strychnine. Consignments of coal have been used to conceal drugs. Individual lumps are split, hollowed out, and filled with the contraband material.

## IV

But these are not the only methods of distribution employed by the lieutenants of the drug barons. It is far better to evade passage through the Customs altogether if this is practicable. Those who are responsible for the distribution have generally served a long apprenticeship in smuggling. They know all the tricks of the trade.

A smart motor-boat enters some quiet creek or river perhaps on the south or east coast of England. The engines are stopped and there is a heavy splash. Any observer might imagine that the anchor was being dropped. But when the motor-boat

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leaves, a buoy is left floating in the water. No anchor is attached to it, but a large watertight bag heavily weighted with iron shackles. A day or two later another motor-boat appears to pick up this contraband cargo. It is thus passed from ship to ship until it is landed at some deserted spot far from the keen eyes of Customs officials. The transference from vessel to vessel greatly complicates the problem of tracing the smugglers.

Another convenient means for the evasion of Customs examination is the airplane. In England, where the distribution of drugs is less prevalent than on the Continent and in America, it has not been greatly used, but elsewhere drugs are often conveyed in this way, a packet being dropped by a plane at an agreed rendezvous where an agent is ready to pick it up.

This part of the work might be described as the wholesale distribution. As with other trades there exist the manufacturer, the wholesaler, and the retailer. Two pounds of morphine can be manufactured for £10. It is sold for £60. When it reaches the retailer he adulterates it with perhaps 80 per cent of quinine or starch and sells it for as much as a shilling for a pinch to addicts who will pay anything to satisfy their craving.

The retail distributor often chooses strange places to transact his business. It is not generally known that a few years ago the foot of Nurse Cavell's monument was used as a rendezvous for the illicit drug retailer and his clients. The one thing the transactor of such business fears is to be caught within four walls. As long as he is in the open there is some chance of making good his escape if he is suspected and sees that a challenge is inevitable. Caught in a room, he is trapped.

Cunning as they are, it is these small retailers who run the greatest risk of falling into the hands of the police. Like the fence, however, they are very difficult to convict. They are always men who ostensibly, and often genuinely, carry on some legitimate occupation. Illicit supplies reach them by a thousand devious routes. It is a ready-money business; its means of communication are either verbal or confined to the personal columns of the newspapers. Further, like the fence, they are practically immune from the danger of denunciation, since their clients also have embarrassing secrets to conceal.

The police laboratory is often able to supply evidence against these paltry smugglers which is obtainable in no other way. At the Laboratory of Technical Police in Lyon we have had experience of individuals detained on suspicion of trafficking in drugs. No supplies of narcotic material have been found upon them and none in their houses. But an examination of the dust in their clothing, particularly in the pockets, has revealed on chemical analysis unmistakable traces of narcotic drugs. Similar cases occasionally arise in England. Four months ago Mr. Nichols of the Government Laboratory and Police College gave evidence regarding the examination of the clothing of a suspected trafficker in drugs. Traces of a narcotic were found. The accused was convicted.

## V

But it is not sufficient to deal with this end-product of an organization if its roots remain untouched. The

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League of Nations has dealt with this problem in a manner which would not have been possible if the interested nations had acted individually. Russell Pasha, who has done so much toward the suppression of the traffic not only in Egypt but internationally, has shown that with the increase in the number of convictions for trafficking in drugs, drug addiction has progressively decreased. The figures for Egypt, a country where the traffic is particularly prevalent, are significant. In 1929 there were 1,293 convictions for trafficking in drugs. The number of addicts registered was 5,238. 1932 was the peak year for convictions, which numbered 4,650. The figure for addicts was 1,924. In 1934 convictions had fallen to 2,817 and addiction to 556. The fall was due not to the decreased vigilance on the part of the police, but to an actual decrease in the number of traffickers and the volume of illicit material distributed. These statistics speak eloquently for themselves.

But this decrease in the traffic is not due alone to greater vigilance or increased efficiency of the police in dealing with the trafficker. Egypt is in this connection an index of the success of the campaign against the European drug barons, whose activities have been restricted in one country after another. Effective interference with the sources of supply is the basic cause of the decreased traffic.

It would be dangerous complacently to assume that the peril is at an end. From top to bottom the drug runners are resourceful and dangerous men. The business is too profitable to abandon without a struggle. Now that the countries which permitted or winked at the inefficiently controlled manufacture of drugs have made restriction effective, illicit manufacture on a larger scale is being organized.

It is fashionable in some quarters to sneer at the League of Nations, maliciously to exaggerate every aspect of its supposed ineffectiveness and to remain silent regarding its achievements. The figures quoted provide one significant illustration of its success.

This is at least certain. Without international coöperation the drug traffic, which may become as great a menace to civilization as war, cannot be controlled. Because international coöperation has been applied to this problem civilization has won the first round against those who for the sake of enriching themselves would help to undermine it. But these disintegrating forces have been repulsed and not defeated. If international coöperation does not continue at Geneva, the issue may again be in jeopardy.

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Soviet Russia's leading satirist pokes fun at nurses, doctors and hospitals.

# As I Lay Dying

*By* MIKHAIL ZOSHCHENKO

Translated from the *Krokodil*, Moscow Satirical Weekly

FRANKLY speaking, I prefer staying home when I am sick.

Of course, there is no denying that a hospital offers a better illuminated and more cultural appearance. Likewise, more attention, conceivably, may be paid to the caloric content of the food. Nevertheless, as is often said, at home even hay tastes good.

About the hospital—I was brought there with typhoid fever. My relatives thought to relieve my incredible sufferings thereby.

But this laudable intent of theirs was far from successful, inasmuch as I landed in a most peculiar hospital where things were not at all to my liking.

Please to imagine: the patient has just been brought to the hospital, his name is being duly inscribed in a book, when suddenly he sees the following announcement on the wall: 'Corpses to be called for from three to four.'

I don't know about the other patients' reactions, but, as for me, I simply rocked on my feet when I read this proclamation. The main thing is, here you are with a high temperature, and perhaps life is just barely flickering in your wasted organism, hanging by a thread, as it were,—and suddenly you are brought face to face with such words!

I say to the man who is registering me: 'Why do you,' I say, 'comrade interne, allow such trite announcements to be posted? After all,' say I, 'the patients derive no special pleasure from the reading thereof. . . .'

The interne was much amazed at these my sensible words. Says he:—

'Only look at him: sick as a dog, can hardly walk, froths at the mouth with fever—and he, too,' says he, 'inaugurates self-criticism! If,' says he, 'you get better, which,' he says, 'at present seems highly improbable, then criticize away, otherwise you may really find yourself being called for from three to four, *vide* the announcement, and that will teach you!'

I badly wanted to take a swing at

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the interne, but inasmuch as my temperature was running high, namely at 102, I decided to abstain from discussion. I said merely:—

'Only wait, comrade interne, until I get well, and you will answer for your hooligan attitude. Is it,' I say, 'right for patients to listen to this sort of talk? Why,' say I, 'this is tantamount to undermining their strength on moral grounds!'

The interne was much amazed to find a sick man expressing himself so freely and immediately put a stop to the discussion. At this moment the nurse joined in:—

'Come,' says she, 'comrade patient, to the swabbing station.'

But these words too effected a shudder through my whole system.

'Wouldn't it,' say I, 'be better, comrades, to call it a bathroom rather than a swabbing station? That,' I say, 'sounds prettier and exalts the station of a patient. I,' say I, 'am, please understand, no deck to be swabbed.'

The 'medsister' says: 'A sick man,' says she, 'and he, too, has an eye for various minute details. I can see,' says she, 'that you'll never recover, the way you poke your nose into everything.'

So conversing she took me to the bath and told me to start undressing.

I was just beginning to undress when suddenly what do I see but that there is already somebody's head sticking out of the bathtub. And what do I see but that it is apparently the head of an old woman, and apparently also belonging to the patient category. I say to the medsister:—

'Fiends and dogs, where have you taken me—is this not the women's section? Somebody,' I say, 'is already taking a bath.'

The nurse says: 'That is merely a sick old woman. Don't pay any attention to her, inasmuch as she has a high temperature and does not react to anything. So that you can get undressed without undue embarrassment. In the meanwhile we shall remove the old lady from the bathtub and draw you a brand new tubful.'

Say I: 'The old lady may not react, but perhaps I still do. And,' I say, 'I emphatically am upset by what I see swimming about in your bathtub.'

At this point the interne comes in. 'This,' says he, 'is the first time I have come across such a fastidious patient. First one thing is not to his hooligan's taste, then another, the brazen-faced fellow! A dying old lady can't take a bath without his registering complaints! It's nothing to him that perhaps she has a temperature of 105, can't take stock of reality, and sees the world as through a sieve. And anyhow there is no danger of the sight of your face keeping her in this world as much as ten minutes. No,' says he, 'I prefer the patients who arrive here in an unconscious state. Then at least everything is to their taste, they are satisfied with everything and do not start dialectic discussions with us.'

At this point the old lady in the bathtub adds her bit to the conversation:—

'Take me out of the bathtub,' says she, 'or I'll get out by myself and show you what's what.'

## II

After this incident, inasmuch as it gave them an insight into my character, they stopped arguing with me and tried to humor me in everything. Only after my bath they gave me

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gigantic bedclothes, much too big for me.

At first I thought that they had fitted me out in this manner with malicious intent, but later I realized that it is a normal phenomenon, since as a rule all the short patients were wearing long bedclothes and the tall patients short ones. And, as a matter of fact, my costume was better than that of many others, for in my case the hospital stamp was on the sleeve and did not spoil my general appearance, while others had to wear it on their chests or backs, which, naturally, lowered their manly dignity.

Since, however, my temperature was soaring progressively to ever greater heights, I forbore arguing about these matters.

In the meanwhile I was put into a smallish ward, where, nonetheless, there lay patients with at least thirty varieties of diseases. Some were in really bad shape. Others, contrariwise, were recovering. Some whistled, others played checkers and still others gallivanted around the ward and read the temperature charts aloud.

I say to the medsister: 'Look here, perhaps I am in a psychopathic ward, in which case please say so. Clarify the situation. I frequent,' say I, 'a hospital every year, and never saw anything to equal this.'

Says she: 'Perhaps you would prefer to be put into an individual ward and have someone posted to chase the flies away?'

Here I raised a great outcry and demanded to see the head doctor, whereupon instead of him there came the same interne. And I, being in a weakened condition, at the sight of him fell into a coma.

I came to myself two or three days later. The nurse says to me: 'Allow me, comrade, to congratulate you on the toughness of your constitution. You,' says she, 'passed through all the dangers with flying colors. And even after we accidentally put you near an open window, you still persisted with your unexpected recovery. And now,' she says, 'if you don't catch anything from your neighbors, who, by the way, represent all the existing modern diseases, you may,' she says, 'accept our sincerest congratulations on your convalescence, which, indeed, is not too common an occurrence here.'

This, naturally, produced a gentle melancholy in my soul, but my boasted organism resisted heroically, and before I left, the only thing I succeeded in catching was whooping cough. The nurse explained it to my satisfaction:—

'You must have caught it from the children's ward next-door, inasmuch as you were probably careless enough to eat from one of their plates.'

On the whole, the aforesaid organism won its fight and I again began to convalesce in normal order. But when it came to releasing me, I sickened once more, but this time it was my nerves: namely I broke out in a rash. The doctor said: 'Get over your nerves, and it will eventually pass.'

And how, please explain, was I to get over my nerves when they wouldn't discharge me? Either they would forget, or something would be lacking, or somebody would fail to come. . . . This went on until the patients' wives organized a movement.

At last they discharged me and I went home. My wife tells me: 'You know, Petya, a week ago we thought you were no longer of this world,

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inasmuch as we received a notice from the hospital asking us to come and fetch your body.'

It seems she ran to the hospital in due course, but all she got there was an apology for a mistake in bookkeeping, as it was someone else who had died, and they thought it was I. Though, indeed, I was quite well at the time, except for the aforementioned nervous rash. All this for some reason produced a most depressing effect on me, and I even wanted to go back to the hospital to take it out of somebody's hide; but when I remembered how things are there, I changed my mind and, you understand, just stayed away.

So now whenever I am sick I stay home.

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## SOUVENIR

*By* LIANG TSUNG-TAI

*Translated by the Author*

From the *T'ien Hsia Monthly*, Shanghai Literary Review

The setting sun is still on the mountain,
The light breeze of May blows mildly,
The darkening bamboos waver in the twilight,
And the fragrance of the yellow cicada-flowers
Pervades the silence of a dream-like evening.

I pace alone along the hedged lane.

Slowly and gracefully
She comes from the other end of the alley.
Amidst the dark, scattered shade of the wavering bamboos,
We recognize each other.
Bowing her head, with hesitating steps,
She passes smiling, with a blush,
While I, blushing and bowing my head,
Pass smiling with hesitating steps . . .

Only this:—
One moment of the summer evening,
The chord of the heart,
As if in a dream,
Vibrates with blushes and smiles and silence.

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# AS OTHERS SEE US

## Eleuthère in the New World

*By* Julien Benda

From the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris

NEW YORK, on the pier:—Scores of men are walking to and fro, carrying placards which read: 'We are strikers locked out by the L . . . Steamship Company. The men who have been hired in our places don't know their jobs. If you care about your safety, don't take these boats.' The police do not raise the slightest objection.

So much freedom offends my French soul.

MANY people here complain of being treated—by us particularly—as an inferior species of humanity. I tell them: 'The truth is, you are yourselves responsible for that, the way you hero-worship a Frenchman the minute he hands you his card with what you would like to believe is the name of a noble old French family engraved on it, or if he claims to have written a few lines in a "really Parisian" paper.'

I should like you to display more self-confidence. Say rather: 'You have your values, we have ours. You have the polish, we the greatness. Your cities are more subtle, ours more powerful. You have individuality, we human solidarity. You have the past, we, perhaps, the future.' Say that to the disdainful, instead of cringing so much that one almost believes they are right in their attitude.

Let us be just. Your snobbishness is not characteristic of you alone. It holds true for all countries where women are a power. In our country as well as in yours an imbecile boasting a great French name, or the author of a bad novel which will not be talked about for more than two weeks, reaps more homage than a leader of industry who controls thirty thousand workers and is capable of changing the face of the earth.

Know that this is so. Say to us: 'Our society is no stupider than yours. And of course you will always be in the right if you insist on comparing our social butterflies with your serious people.'

FOOD here is bad. Because it is not simple. Or rather because it is not definite enough. In France, when I ask for a sandwich, they bring me a sandwich. And that's that. Here they bring me besides—and more often than not as a part of the sandwich itself—a leaf of lettuce, the yolk of an egg, a slice of tomato. In France when I ask for lettuce, they bring me lettuce. And that's all. Here they bring it to me covered with pimento sauce, which is not by definition a part of lettuce. American cooking—and, it suddenly occurs to me, the cooking of all countries, with the single exception of France—always includes what Péguy used to call 'marginalia!'

One day the American dislike of strict interpretations proved to be very much to my taste. Just as we were pulling out of the station, the conductor told me that I was on the wrong train. I lost my head. He calmed me down, stopped the train and telephoned back to make sure that the next one would stop for me. Which was done. A French railroad employe would have thought: 'This train is not going to stop anywhere but at the scheduled station, and once there this gentleman will have to shift for himself.'

I related this episode to some Americans. They told me: 'The man was sorry for you and wanted to save you trouble.' Human solidarity, of which Frenchmen have very little!

I was also told: 'Get it into your head

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that here it is taken for granted that public services exist for the public, and not for their employes.'

One can see that in the libraries. Here they obviously believe that libraries are made for readers and not for librarians. . . .

NO fawning from salesmen, no fixed smiles on the lips of the salesgirls. None of those feudal customs which I am always surprised to find myself liking. They don't say 'Here is the little bill,' as if afraid of meeting with the fate of a certain carpenter who in ancient times asked a noble duke for his wages and got a pogniard in his throat instead. The salesman considers himself the equal of the buyer. The buyer does not do him a favor by buying.

I SHOULD judge this people with a mind less free if I had a family and had brought it over with me. I can see my wife entering a hotel room, looking through the drawers, examining the bed covers, scrutinizing the service, the laundry, the cooking from the point of view of French bourgeois efficiency. I can see her sitting beside me in a taxi cab, her lips pursed, angry at me because I do not think that the handling of traffic, the clothes of the passers-by, the lighting of the streets are all worse than they are in France. I can see her taking every opportunity to display, as a member of a nation, a superiority which she does not possess as an individual. . . .

HERE the lowly may rise. Gide's allegorical boat, the occupants of which cut off the hands of those who try to get in, does not exist here. On the other hand a passenger may be thrown into the water when he is no longer able to pull his own weight. Here you are not shackled from the day you are born, and forever, as is the case with us—or at least as many would have it. People here do not believe in destiny but in man.

THE Saturn Club:—I asked the bartender to show me the dog I heard barking here yesterday evening. He explained to me that it was a member who delights everybody with his admirable imitations! *Sancta simplicitas!*

Two o'clock in the morning, in my bed. The elevator brings up a bevy of young girls who have been dancing and who make noises like the cries of young animals. I like this savage vigor. Oh, intellectual!

FROM Quebec to New York:—Crossed Lake Champlain, which was completely frozen. I think of this immensity of water before the coming of men. Today they have given it a meaning, a name which it seems to accept, as if saying: 'I am a lake, I am immense, I am encircled by such and such mountains, I am at such and such a point in space at such and such a moment.' I love to contemplate the era in which it had no consciousness, no personality, no knowledge of time or of any landmarks, when it was not even perceived. Solitary, eternal, and mute, like death. For a long time I ponder on it.

WASHINGTON:—They took me to the White House. I asked: 'How is it that there is no sentry posted in front of the residence of the chief of State?'

The mirth of my companions, who are free men all!

HERE they provide you with only the most necessary articles. In the largest hotels nobody turns the bed down for you. In Baltimore the chambermaid whom I summoned to pack a suit said to me, putting her hand on my arm (and laughing all the while): 'Is this what you wanted me for? You've got your nerve!' This did not fail to shock me. Decidedly I am a dirty bourgeois. It is true that I neither like nor respect myself the more for it. One cannot be perfect.

Luxuries are very expensive. If I want to have my breakfast served in my room it

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costs me a dollar. I can have the same breakfast downstairs for much less.

Silence. I must love true democracy.

CINCINNATI:—Eight o'clock in the morning. I arrive at the station to take a train. I look for a restaurant such as we have in France. There is nothing of the sort here. Instead a large horseshoe at which everybody is seated side by side. The individualist in me bridles. I should have preferred a table to myself. I am given a cup of coffee, some sugar and cream, and toast. What more do I want? What would I have at my little table that I have not here? The necessity of ordering? The fawning of the waiter? The problem of the tip? What an ingrate I am! This automatic life is the intellectual's dream.

What a land for metaphysics: no history, no dungeons, no ruins!

ONE thing here enchants me. From coast to coast all the hotels of any pretensions at all are built on the same model. Everywhere the same piece of paper at the desk, the same fountain pen with which I write my name, on the ground floor the same barber shop, the same cafeteria where the same servant brings me the same glass of water, presents me with the same menu card, from which I choose the same meal for the same price. In every room there is the same bathroom, the same blinds, the same closet with the same hangers. As a result, whereas when I go from Tours to Bayonne I have to adopt myself anew to every hotel, here I only make automatic gestures which do not interrupt my thoughts. Obviously such standardization would be the despair of the artist, who lives only on the picturesque. But me, an intellectual, the picturesque disturbs. America, to the artist detestable, is for the intellectual a dream come true.

IT IS a dream come true in another respect also: namely the attitude of its higher classes, its society leaders.

In France the men and women of society talk to me as equals. They exchange ideas with me, and consider their own worthy of at least as much attention as mine. They insist on thinking, like Molière's Dorante, that the folks of quality know everything without learning anything. They mean to make one remember that they belong to a land where society people have names like Rochefoucauld, Saint-Evremonde, Sevigné; where intellectual values, even those of philosophy, from Descartes through Jean Jacques Rousseau to Bergson, reap no glory until they have been passed upon by the salon.

Here, nothing of the sort. Society says to the intellectual: 'You speak to us of things on which you, unlike us, have reflected; you are committed by profession to mental work, work which we do only incidentally and unsystematically. We listen to you docilely, and with good will.'

In the French salon, I compared thoughts; in the American, I teach. In the first, I found judges; in the second, pupils.

IN Washington the French Ambassador asked me: 'Speaking in all sincerity, do you think that the people of America understood you?' I answered: 'Not always. But, to judge by the questions put to me after my lectures, surely no less than French audiences.'

THE Anglo-Saxon woman takes her reading very seriously. The mere fact that the author is able to express his thoughts, or what may pass for his thoughts, makes her his slave. She consumes the five hundred pages of the book, without skipping a single one, and without presuming to judge. The truth is that the Anglo-Saxon author does not justify this confidence. If only French readers would be more like Anglo-Saxons!

ANOTHER instance of the respect these savages pay the intellectual: the journalists discuss a book only if they know something about the subject it deals with,

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so that they can explain its contents to the public. A man who knows as much about the subject as the author, one who is not connected with the editorial staff, will be asked to review a book. When Alexis Carrel's book appeared, the *New York Times* had it reviewed by a specialist, a man who was not an employee of the paper. The public would have thought it very strange if the job had been done by the daily book reviewer, *a priori* adjudged incompetent in that particular field.

THERE are no fewer intellectuals here than in the European salon. But here they make no pretensions.

MEMPHIS:—'Waiting room for colored . . .' I remember waiting rooms for Jews, hotels for Jews, sea baths for Jews.

The Negro puts squarely before us the question of freedom. 'Why am I a Negro? Why am I blond? Why am I ugly?' What is this *I* that is an entirely different thing from what I really am? Who is ever free from it? The belief in this *I* is deeply imbedded in the being of men. Man is a metaphysical animal.

A Negro waiter talks with a white customer. He is flattered. The other, too, is flattered by his own condescension. Everybody is satisfied. I am white and because of this one thing, even though I were the worst of idiots or scoundrels, I am, without needing to prove it, a superior being. I begin to understand anti-Semitism . . .

DALLAS:—A traffic jam which lasts twenty minutes. They wait patiently, knowing that the police know their job. In France it would have meant a revolution!

NEW ORLEANS:—The rule throughout this whole continent is that a man who finds himself in an elevator with a woman takes off his hat. But they don't do it for the girl who runs the elevator. I take mine off. I never could gratuitously humiliate a human being.

THESE lounges in the large hotels are lobbies of liberalism and skepticism. I have the feeling that they run the world.

THE Mississippi terrifies them; they live in fear that it will drown them. I love the revenge of inanimate objects.

IN THE train going to Atlanta: I jot down notes in my notebook. People look at me hostilely. A neighbor wants to talk. I answer unwillingly. He hates me and he is right: the intellectual, with his inner life, is a monster. One ought to like to talk.

An hour later I want to talk. He answers, without harboring any grudge. These human beings are really nice.

NOON, sailing on the *Île de France:* An enormous crowd massed on the pier bids adieu to those who are sailing, waves handkerchiefs, hats . . . I love this piece of anonymous humanity which says goodbye to another piece of anonymous humanity, their hopes, their fears a thing in common. These eternal gestures, the same with which, three thousand years ago, those remaining on shore saluted the wayfarers braving the far horizon on their planks of wood. I lift my hat. To nobody in particular. To the eternal man.

We are very far from the dock. The crowd is still on the dock, still waving its handkerchiefs. It is still thinking of us. But we have already forgotten it and are looking forward to new sights.

I look at the George Washington Bridge. I saw it when we docked but did not pay much attention to it. Now I know it, for I have crossed it. When I come back, I shall look for it at once. I shall remember that on the left there is an Irish bakery. I alone among all the passengers know about it—just as I alone know about a window, smaller than the rest, in the Cathedral at Constance. If I never come back, my heart still will preserve a secret understanding with this land.

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# BOOKS ABROAD

## Far Eastern Imperialism

Japan's Feet of Clay. *By Freda Utley. London: Faber & Faber. 1936.*

(Bertrand Russell in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

JAPAN, though hated by almost every Englishman who knows the Far East, is loved by our Admiralty and Foreign Office, which are led by fear of Bolshevism to adopt policies that every well-informed person can see to be contrary to British interests. But well-informed persons, where Japan is concerned, are few, and most of them have reasons for not speaking out. When our Government allowed Japan to seize Manchuria, there was no effective opposition, partly from ignorance, and partly from fear of war. Miss Utley maintains that there need have been no fear of war, because Japan is so vulnerable economically that the mere threat of loss of trade with America and the British Empire would suffice to produce submission. This, however, is only an incidental argument in her book, which sets forth, convincingly, lucidly, and as eloquently as statistics will permit, the whole national economy of Japan and its effect upon Japanese politics. No one who wishes to have an opinion on international questions should fail to read this book, which gives absolutely reliable information not to be obtained elsewhere without years of research.

Miss Utley's knowledge of the economic life of Japan is amazing. She knows not only all ascertainable statistics, such as: how much of superphosphates is imported, and from which countries; what proportion of a peasant's rice crop goes in rent, taxes, fertilizers, etc., and how much is left for his wife and children after he has fed himself—not on the rice that he grows, but on inferior foods that he buys; exactly how the productivity of labor in Japan compares with that of other countries; and so on. In addition to these general facts, she knows concretely how the people live, and shows just how this affects the politics of the country and inspires the quasi-Fascist plots and mutinies. Her thesis is stated frankly in the introduction:—

'The real Japan is a country of half-starved peasants; of children working long hours and always hungry as in England a century ago; of women whose status, rich or poor, is practically that of slaves and whose picturesque kimonos mock the misery and frustration of their lives; of workers without rights to combine in trade unions or to form political parties to further their interests and improve their medieval standard of life; of women dragging coal in the mines like pit ponies; of sweated domestic industry with women and children working 14 or 15 hours a day for 2*d.* or 3*d.*; of crowded prisons and Asiatic torture practised to extract evidence; of murderous gangsters uncontrolled by the police; of deep-seated and widespread corruption blighting the nation's strength and poisoning its political life; of extreme contrasts between immense wealth and abject poverty; of extreme social tension and revolutionary ferment. The real Japan is a seething cauldron of misery and injustice, social hatreds, revengeful passions, hysteria and chauvinism; a country of continuous conflict between landowners and tenants, employers and workers, monopolists and small industrialists, and also between men and women and between the young and the old.'

Every item in this description is proved methodically and remorselessly, with all the demonstrative force of a theorem in Euclid. For the admirers of Japan it leaves no loophole except wilful ignorance.

The first part of the book is concerned

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with Japan's poverty in raw materials: 'an iron production only one-third that of the Malay States;' 'a little less pig iron than Luxemburg;' 'for China's coal to be of real use to the Japanese, they must also acquire the iron ore of Malaya, the Philippines, etc.;' 'it is China which supplies 63 per cent of the world's production of tungsten and 80 per cent of its antimony;' and so on. Silk exports, mainly to the United States, have sunk catastrophically since 1931. 'Even in order to exist by processing raw materials, Japan must depend mainly on the goodwill of the British Empire and the Dutch East Indies and on the goodwill, or the political control, of China.' The conclusion drawn is that the British Empire and the United States could very quickly ruin Japan by refusing to trade with her, and that the threat of economic sanctions would inevitably produce submission. As to this, however, I cannot help thinking that Miss Utley has been misled, partly by Communist optimism, partly by a too exclusive concentration on economic as opposed to military considerations, and partly by the tacit assumption that Japan could not obtain help from European allies.

The account of agriculture produces an effect similar to that of the Hammonds' *Village Labourer*, though the gloom is even darker than that of England a century ago. Two-thirds of the cultivators have farms of two and one-half acres or less; most of them are tenants, paying a fixed rent in kind, which usually amounts to about half the produce; of the remainder, some is taken in taxes and more has to be spent on fertilizers. The consequence, since the depression, has been that most peasant families have not enough to eat, and in many districts there has been famine. The only resource of the peasant is to sell his daughters, either for life to the brothels, or for a term of years to the cotton factories. In some villages, according to the Japanese newspapers, no girls are left. The *Japan Times*, for example, stated in 1932 that 'in Niigata prefecture young women of marriageable age are scarce, as most of them have been sold off and there is a growing tendency to sell even primary school children. The prices for children are about 100 yen for third grade pupils, and about 400 yen for those who have finished school.' The school children are starving, and the Government has enormous stocks of rice which it cannot dispose of; but it refuses to use any of it to save the children. No other means of livelihood is open to their fathers. 'Expulsion from the rice fields dooms the peasant to starvation . . . There is no opening in industry. . . . Expulsion means death.' This is because the bulk of Japanese industry is carried on by girls, men being little employed except in armaments. It is on the labor of girls sold by starving parents that the Japanese export trade has been built up.

Japanese industrialists and their governmental allies keep the population poor so as to have cheap labor with which to flood foreign markets, with the result that the home market is almost non-existent. Their sweated products bring ruin to Lancashire, and so misery is spread round the world, because the Japanese Government sacrifices its subjects to military 'glory' and the wealth of a handful of monopolists.

IT SEEMS to be an economic law that industry, in its early stages, must be built upon agricultural misery. It was so in England when the enclosures provided an urban proletariat; it was so in Germany, where the survivals of serfdom on the large estates east of the Elbe made young men willing, at all costs, to escape into the towns; it was so in America, where the industrial workers were supplied by the starving immigrant peasants from Ireland, Italy, Poland, etc.; it has been so in Soviet Russia, where the Five Year Plan has been accompanied by the deportation and starvation of vast numbers of 'kulaks;' and it is so in modern Japan. There are special features in each case: England specialized

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in children, Japan specializes in girls, because of the complete subjection of women. But the general pattern is always the same.

Miss Utley believes that Japan is as near to revolution as was Tsarist Russia just before 1905. The works of Marx, Engels, and Lenin, though their translators are punished, are sold by the hundred thousand, and read as only popular novels are read in England. The small landowners, the middle class, and the junior army officers are desperately poor, and in a revolutionary mood, but their program is a muddle-headed anti-capitalist Fascism which will have to be seen through before a revolution can succeed.

The conclusion drawn is that any check, even a minor military defeat or a diplomatic humiliation, would cause the régime to collapse, and that only through revolution can any real economic improvement be effected. If the reactionary extremists control policy, they must, Miss Utley believes, bring defeat and revolution; but 'if moderate statesmen maintain the grip on the helm of State which they are now trying desperately to maintain in face of murder, terror and threats, and if the Western Powers continue to give financial and political support to these same "moderates," then Japan may one day forge for herself feet of iron instead of feet of clay.' For the sake of China, for the sake of the world, and even of Japan, we must hope that this attempt will fail.

*Japan's Feet of Clay* is the most remarkable book that I have read for a long time. In spite of being in the highest degree solid and informative, it is always interesting and often exciting. It gives a complete picture of a very strange country, ultra-modern as regards armaments and the great Mitsui and Mitsubishi trusts, medieval as regards handicrafts and the family, but in its ideology and clan organization retaining much that belongs to stages before civilization and can only be rightly understood through the study of anthropology. It makes one ashamed of being English to reflect that the power of our country has been and is being used to help these cruel barbarians to rivet slavery upon China, and ultimately upon the whole East; and that not for any genuine British interest, but owing to the ignorance of certain admirals and Foreign Office officials. If this ignorance survives the publication of Miss Utley's book, it will have become criminal.

## The Romantic Ideal

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMANTIC IDEAL. *By F. L. Lucas. London: Cambridge University Press. 1936.*

(Desmond MacCarthy in the *Sunday Times*, London)

THIS is a short book but a packed one. It shows an exceptional knowledge of the literature of different countries and periods, and one of its charms lies in the aptness, variety, and often the rarity of those examples which the author assembles at every turn of his discourse. I cannot recall a book on a literary theme wider in scope of reference or swifter in allusion. I had the pleasure of being reminded of an enormous number of books and poems which I had read, and of almost as many which, as a literary man, I certainly ought to have read. I pass for a well-read man myself, but my memory is really an idle man's memory. Because it has collected scraps from many sources, it seems to some to be better stored than it is; but though nothing will induce me to disparage a happy faculty of recalling some fact or passage germane to the subject in hand, I am very well aware of the difference between widely scattered, haphazard knowledge and learning.

One thing that impressed me in this essay was that it was clearly the work of a critic whose bedrock learning was thorough, but whose pages were nevertheless diversified by those wind-sown, accidental associations which adorn the minds of those who have read for pleasure. The criticisms of Zoilus upon Homer suggested to Mr. Lucas an exact equivalent in the

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works of Chesterfield, and Pater's famous passage on the Mona Lisa, Flaubert's description of Ennoia in the *Tentation de St. Antoine.*

There is nothing out of the way in that last parallel. It might have occurred to anyone well up in nineteenth century literature, but I do begin to be impressed when a critic can set beside Pater's passage an exact parallel, as far as form of utterance is concerned, far older still. 'Cf. Taliesin: I carried the banner before Alexander. . . . I was in Canaan when Absalom was slain. . . . I was in the hall of Don before Gwydion was born. . . . I was on the horse's crupper of Elias and Enoch; I was on the high cross of the merciful Son of God; I was chief overseer at the building of the tower of Nimrod; I have dwelled three times in the castle of Arianrod. . . .' I am impressed when a writer who can collect examples of the Romantic spirit in literature from the Greek and Latin which are not hackneyed shows also that he is familiar with Voltaire's suggested improvements upon *The Song of Songs*, and can contrast his approach to poetry with Caxton's in translating Ovid, showing how the Middle Ages were not only made more imaginative by what they read, but also made what they read more imaginative.

Mr. Lucas's wide reading enables him to pass from author to author, separated though they may be by time, language, and matter, and collect from each passages which bear upon his analysis of Romanticism and its transformations up to the present day. He has therefore the necessary qualification for writing the kind of survey he has undertaken: literary knowledge, European in its scope, stretching from Homer to writers whose work was published a year or two ago. Moreover, his quotations, when they are not there to exhibit some defect, are well worth remembering for their own sakes. His taste is not only instructed but sensitive. If his analysis of 'The Romantic Ideal' was not still more important, this book might be enjoyed as an anthology of passages from the literature of most countries and all periods. Yet I have not caught him displaying knowledge unnecessarily; his quotations and allusions bear upon his points.

Nevertheless I was aware, as I read, that its extent would be likely to irritate many modern critics, and their admirers. Why? Because a cocksure ignorance is their own leading characteristic. Books and essays about the nature of poetry are constantly written by people whose knowledge of poetry is not only confined to their own tongue, but to a small portion of their own literature. Such books are apt to appeal to the young, who naturally have not had time to read and compare widely and yet (also not unnaturally) like to think that they are nevertheless able to conclude. This is a time when much literary and æsthetic theorizing is based on insufficient foundations, and imposes itself merely by its confident tone. Culture is under the weather, and a respect for culture is the only effective check upon rash generalizers. That is why the critical work of Mr. F. L. Lucas is salutary, and that is why this essay is particularly valuable today. It is the most variously documented essay on Romanticism I have come across, and—oddly enough—one of the lightest to read. I am disturbed by a sentence toward the end of it: Mr. Lucas says he is probably going to give up criticism.

The conclusion also of this essay will not be palatable to the young: its argument leads to the conclusion that what is today considered specifically 'modern' in literature (especially in verse) is the Romantic Ideal in the last stages of decomposition—carried to absurdity. Mr. F. L. Lucas's taste in literature is in the main 'classical,' to use a useful distinction which can only be applied in certain cases; though no critic could be more cautious in applying it than he is himself. I am in agreement with him. I found in this essay a more satisfactory definition of those

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contrasted terms of critical classification than anywhere else. Naturally, he discusses earlier definitions of 'classical' and 'romantic,' and one instructive feature of his book is the skill with which he shows by examples how impossible it is often to apply them. He shows, too, how much poetry has owed to the 'romantic' impulse, and yet to what dead ends that impulse can be pursued.

'In these pages it has been suggested that the fundamental quality of Romanticism is not mere anti-Classicism, nor medievalism, nor "aspiration," nor "wonder," nor any of the other things its various formulas suggest; but rather a liberation of the less conscious levels of the mind. Health, both in life and in literature, lies between an excess of self-consciousness and excess of impulsiveness, between too much self-control and too little. The romantic intoxication of the imagination suspends the over-rigid censorship exerted by our sense of what is fact and our sense of what is fitting. The first of these dominates the extreme Realist; both inhibit the extreme Classic —the Romantic escapes.'

But it is not always into a Paradise of dreams that he escapes, though it is always into a dream world. It may be into the nightmares of the ego-maniac, into a love of sensation even under torture, or into the comfortable gloom of cynical triviality and disease. 'Romanticism,' said Goethe, 'is a disease.' A statement which begs the question; and 'if the poetry of Keats be disease, then let us have more of it.'

None the less, Goethe has repeatedly proved to be right. The Freudian, psychoanalytical point of view, though it is encrusted with extravagant conjectures, asks us to consider Man as a being strapped to a triangle of forces. There is the *id*, the obscure mass of unconscious impulses (the human animal in him) determining him in one direction; 'the super ego,' which by imposing preferences holds him in another (for man is not a creature who merely likes or dislikes, but likes or dislikes *himself* for liking or disliking certain things), and lastly there is the sense of 'reality' which his intelligence presents to him.

'Now the lives men live and the art they make depends, I think, enormously on how strict and oppressive, or how relaxed and easy-going, are their sense of reality and their sense of the ideal, their consciousness and their conscience. Different periods vary widely in this—and within periods different individuals. It is as if some men loved (like D. H. Lawrence) and some even loathed (like Lord Chesterfield) the preconscious and instinctive side of personality. In each of us lies the dark lake from which our conscious, reasoning selves have gradually emerged; strange emanations dance by night, or at solitary moments, on its surface; still stranger shapes appear to inhabit the hidden depths. Some of us love to dream on the banks of this mysterious mere; some try to fish and dive in it; others labor to brick it over and blot it out beneath a laboratory, or business premises, or a dancing floor.'

That seems to me plausible, and Mr. Lucas's critical corollary illuminating: 'So considered, the differences between Classicism, Romanticism, and Realism turn out, I think, to be differences mainly of degree; depending on the strictness with which, if we may call them so, the reality-principle and the super-ego control and censor such emanations from the unconscious mind. The Realist writer tends to sacrifice everything to his sense of reality. The Classic, while ruthless toward some forms of unreality in the name of "good sense," elaborately cultivates others in the name of "good taste"; his impulses and fantasies are much more dominated by a social ideal, formed under the pressure of a finely civilized class.'

Valuable as that suggestion is in itself, the great value of this essay is that it is expounded by examples chosen over a very wide area. What, then, is the au-

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thor's conclusion regarding literature at the present time? He discusses both modern verse and the criticism which underpins it. It is obvious that the pressure of a social conception of poetry and literature has been greatly relaxed. Has it been too much relaxed? Mr. Lucas's answer is 'Yes.'

I think so myself. As long as a writer shows that he has dived for his matter into his sub-conscious what he brings up is taken too readily on trust. The spectacle of the glistening diver emerging with an old boot or fruit-tin in his hand is not greeted with the ridicule it deserves. The 'super-ego,' the social and idealistic side of man's nature, is today timidly dumb in criticism. Much modern work deserves to be stamped as trivial, sordid, and boring. Only the other day I was shown some drawings by a friend who is a man of fine critical perceptions. He said they were clever, original, funny. They were, but they were also squalid, not in subject so much as in humor. But it never occurred to him to comment also on that.

There are many epigrams (as they are called) in this essay, and the one which sums up the author's view throughout is contained in a comment on Matthew Arnold's rather forbidding saying, 'Poetry is a criticism of life.' It would be better to say, writes Mr. Lucas, that 'life is a criticism of poetry.'

There is a remarkable and damaging chapter on Coleridge as a critic, which has had a considerable effect on me. It is also still more damaging to Mr. I. A. Richards, whose book on Coleridge was very far from being up to his own mark.

## Scotsmen Are Jews

Anti-Semitismus in Wort und Bild. *Edited by Professor Theodor Pugel. Dresden: Max Otto Grob Verlag. 1936.*

(From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

A SOLEMN, expensive book has recently been published in Dresden with the title of *Anti-Semitismus in Wort und Bild*. It is edited by Professor Theodor Pugel, assisted by three other learned gentlemen. It is dedicated to 'that tireless fighter against Jewry, Julius Streicher.' A few illustrations will be enough to show what ghastly drivel can now be produced by once scholarly Germany. The first extract comes from a preliminary chapter on the history of the Jews:—

(After Vespasian and Titus drove the Jews from Palestine) 'A great herd of the most obstinate Jews were sent to the four hundred most distant rock-islands (*sic*) on the west coast of Scotland. The chief of these islands is called Lewis (pronounced Levis in German); the whole group is called Hebrides. . . . One need only recollect the avarice of the Scottish, their costume, similar to that of the ancient Jews, and the Scottish clan system. . . .'

Having thus conclusively established that Scotsmen are Jews, the next section complains that Charlemagne was Jewish in appearance (a suitable illustration is provided) and habits (e.g., polygamy), and it is implied that this provides a clue to his internationalism and to his butchery of so many Saxons. (Owing to the Saxon wars Charlemagne is in great disgrace with Nazi historians altogether.)

Then comes a chapter on anti-Semitism in England which explains that from 1290 to Cromwell England was a glorious, because Jewless, country. Then:—

'Jewish cosmopolitanism and English world power seem to account for the practical identification of these two conceptions in the last third of the nineteenth century. That the Germanic Viking spirit could thus be merged with the trader-mentality of the Jews shows how gravely a bold Germanic seafaring people can be diverted from its mission in the world as an Aryan-Christian *Kultur* nation by co-operating with Jewry.

'In the World War the centuries-old alliance between Albion and Judah became an identification of these two World Powers, and it remained for the English

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—a Germanic—people, in the crisis of the World War against the brother nation of the Germans, to bring world Jewry on to the English side by the solemn promise—given by the English Foreign Minister, Balfour, in a letter to the English Lord Rothschild on November 2nd, 1917—to establish a Jewish State.

'This execrable treatment of one Germanic nation by another deserves to be classed with the black insult offered by the French on the Rhine. Both things constituted the most shameful betrayal of Germanic blood and of the Aryan race.'

Of the French Revolution of 1789 the book says:—

'The sub-racial French Revolution, the product of the racially putrid human drain which is Southern France, was at hand for Judah. The rakish Mirabeau spoke for the Jews in the National Assembly. . . . Thousands of the nordic-Aryan upper caste were executed by the bloodthirsty Jacobins, led by Jews. A blond head was enough to be dragged to the guillotine. The Jews were indulgently treated.'

This is not exceptional; it is typical of contemporary German publications.

## A Revolutionary Novel

Les beaux Quartiers. *By Louis Aragon. Paris: Denoël et Steele. 1936.*

(André Billy in the *Œuvre*, Paris)

NO ONE has so far adequately explained the phenomenon which we are at present witnessing, and which consists of the fact that many of our leading novelists (as Georges Duhamel with his *Chronique des Pasquier*, Jules Romains with his *Hommes de bonne volonté*, Roger Martin du Gard with his *Thibault*, and Louis Aragon with his *Monde réel*, of which *Les beaux Quartiers* is a part) devote their descriptive powers to the pre-War period more often than to the present epoch. It is a question which nevertheless deserves attention. The critic's first concern should obviously be to ask the novelists this question: 'Why are you so attached to the French society of 1900–1914? Does our contemporary society seem to you unworthy of attention? And yet it is always with you, and the problems which disturb it have at least their urgency to recommend them. The light which you would throw on them would not be without its uses . . .'

But it is no part of the functions of a critic to do the work of the investigator, and such an exchange of duties could not be made without its disadvantages. I shall therefore leave to the reporter the task of interviewing Aragon, Martin du Gard, Jules Romains and Duhamel on this point, and shall confine myself to conjectures from which the reader may pick and choose at his will.

Let us consider first of all our literary ancestors and let us admit that they are impressive, bearing as they do names like Balzac, Flaubert and Zola. Practically the whole of the *Comédie Humaine* is historical in the sense that, having been written in the reign of Louis Philippe, it reproduces episodes from the social and private life of the Revolution, Empire and Restoration periods. *Madame Bovary*, written during the first years of the Second Empire, is set in the reign of Louis Philippe, and the same may be said of the greater part of *L'Education Sentimentale* and *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, both of them written under the Third Republic. From this I conclude that the writers of novels of manners make a practice of using revolutionary societies as subjects for their books. The novelist of manners has a natural tendency to assume the rôle of the historian. Why? Because he wants to create an exact and definitive work and because what he knows about the present he is not sufficiently sure of to use. He wants to paint life as a whole, and yet he finds in the realities of the present only fragments which he dare not attempt to synthesize. He is afraid of making mistakes, afraid that his book may be out of date before it is finished. He therefore turns to the re-

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cent past, whose lines, perspectives and elements may be seen in their proper light, their proportions fixed. The painter's model does not move, and the artist can walk around it and examine it from every angle. In this way he is able to make a three-dimensional composition such as he could not achieve by depicting the present. The present permits only impressionism, and it is understandable that the mind of a rather ambitious novelist refuses to be satisfied with impressionism.

Balzac, Flaubert and Zola had, to be sure, personal and particular reasons for painting the manners and morals of the epoch which preceded that in which they wrote. But their principal reason was that which I have just stated. Similarly, Romains, Martin du Gard and Aragon have been, each in his own way, moved to study the pre-War years. They have all had in common the same deep motive, which I shall define as the need to build on a base which is already historically fixed. Duhamel's case is different. His imagination is not constructive. He himself characterizes his *Chronique des Pasquier* as 'imaginary memoirs.' It belongs much more to the category of personal literature than to that of social literature. It is, first and foremost, a work of art and of sensibility.

There is another consideration: still another preoccupation, to which Balzac was no stranger even if Flaubert and Zola were, has turned the thoughts of the three or four contemporary novelists whom I have named to the pre-War period: they have wanted to extract from it a valuable lesson in historical philosophy for the use of modern man. It is by no means a coincidence that these evokers of the pre-War days belong to the group of writers who show the most concern about our present-day problems and the immediate future of our society. It is by no means merely a coincidence that two of them have embraced Marxism and that a third is congratulating himself on having gone beyond it. The thesis of the disruption of capitalism in the depression is so closely linked with that of the fatal collapse of capitalism in the war that no one ought to be surprised that revolutionary writers should have been led to conceive of themselves as historians, at least for the purposes of the novel. All this is particularly evident in the case of Aragon, and one has only to have read him, and hear him speak since his conversion to Communism, to be quite sure that his *Les Cloches de Bâle* and *Les beaux Quartiers* are deliberate propaganda. These two novels, following one another, and to be completed by others under the general title of *Le Monde réel*, illustrate the author's favorite theory of socialistic realism or revolutionary romanticism.

In what way *Les beaux Quartiers* forms a sequel to *Les Cloches de Bâle* I cannot unfortunately say. I do not think much of *Les Cloches*. This novel, divided as it is into separate compartments, and whose central axis, I am told, is the idea of class struggle, leaves me cold, in spite of its vehemence. The three heroines who brighten its pages in succession, Diane, Catherine and Clara, are not found in *Les beaux Quartiers*. I do not miss them at all. I prefer to forget the *Cloches* altogether and think about *Les beaux Quartiers*, a noble book in which one encounters again the better Aragon of the *Paysan de Paris*.

The book is in three parts: 'Serianne,' 'Paris,' and 'The Lobby-Club.' 'Serianne' shows us the lowest, the most sordid sides of French provincial life. The satire is overwhelming. Is it overdone? I do not think so. Coming from the pen of the declared enemy of capitalism it is as legitimate as if it had been written by Bloy and Bernanos. The shameful facts of bourgeois civilization are at their worst in the provinces. It is the right of the revolutionary novelist, it is even, if you like, his duty, to display them before our eyes, and to say: 'Here is the civilization for which you still feel a sentimental and maudlin attachment. Try to tell us that it is not ready for the scrap-heap!'

The second part, 'Paris,' shows us the

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two sons of Dr. Barbentane, the mayor of Serianne, the one serving his internship, the other completely absorbed by his revolutionary activities. They bear a singular resemblance to Du Gard's Thibault brothers, but with this difference, that they hate each other. Politicians, business men, men of society, policemen, all of them more or less ludicrous clowns, pass before our eyes with the vivid reality of a nightmare. In the third part, 'The Lobby-Club,' we see all the vices of the system reflected, as in a microcosm, in the opera lobby.

This book burns with anger, with a sort of holy fury. Aragon's gift of natural expression in my opinion leaves Céline's laborious and monotonous artifices far behind. One of the author's purposes is obviously to substitute for literary, written, bourgeois French a living, spoken French whose structure, syntax, turns, and accents shall vary with the themes with which it deals. In this connection it may be recalled that when he was a surrealist, Aragon published a *Traité du style* in which he raised the problem of a style based directly on inspiration without benefit of superposed culture. The style of *Les beaux Quartiers* realizes with still more felicity than the author's preceding works the poetical and esthetic ambitions which he has now outgrown.

## The Abyss

Der Abgrund. *By Oskar Maria Graf. London: Malikverlag. 1936.*

(Kurt Kersten in the *Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris)

OSKAR MARIA GRAF was one of those writers with whom the Goebbels régime of 1935 wanted to be lenient. The 'black lists' implied that Graf's 'errors' were being overlooked and only part of his writings were prohibited, while the rest of them were recommended. The procedure resembled that of the Middle Ages, when a single member was hacked off in the hope that the others would be duly grateful to the wise judge.

It was impossible to represent this rugged Bavarian peasant's son as a 'gutter poet;' nor did snooping in Church records reveal any non-Aryan grandmothers. Everything was in the best of order and Berlin therefore tried to 'convert' him. But Graf protested loudly and vigorously against the cheap methods used and in a famous letter to Goebbels he said bluntly: 'I want to be burned!' Goebbels banked on Graf's 'blood and soil' sentiments and lost. Graf, the real, creative Graf, answered with resounding laughter.

This Bavarian peasant is one of the boldest, most outspoken and most refreshing of our comrades along the road which we who live beyond the borders of the Third Reich must walk; he is also one of our most distinguished literary talents, one of our best story-tellers and observers. His is the rare gift of wit and humor, of imagination and, above all, of that simplicity of soul which should not be confused with sentimentality. Absolute truthfulness is one of Graf's characteristics. He is a realistic writer who nevertheless has the courage to use his imagination and knows how to do it.

In his long awaited book, *The Abyss*, his human qualities find superlative expression. He is so curious, so contemplative, so active a type of man that he is capable of literary achievements which grip and excite the reader, give him the illusion of being addressed personally by the author, of holding a conversation with him. Graf creates atmosphere. That is something which is often spoken of, but with Graf it is actually present, palpable, insistent, gripping.

*The Abyss* is a political book, and it is difficult to write such a book without having it turn into a thesis, a manifesto. It is Graf's personality which enables him to overcome these difficulties, his personality and his considerable skill in picturing events dramatically, using the right colors, and, above all, creating human beings. He has an unfailing instinct, an extraordinary sense for the false and the

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true in men, and since he is able to give his observations expression, his writing is always convincing.

*The Abyss* describes the dissolution and disintegration of German democracy in the Brüning and Papen epochs. Like a German chronicler of the Middle Ages, Graf describes the decline of Social Democracy in a stormy epoch, and in his description this chronicle of German history becomes a moving contemporary document. Like all good chroniclers he is a master of mental healing, a wise and clever teacher who is completely absorbed in his subject. Graf, the satirist, sees all the weaknesses of a movement which was succumbing to paralysis, which no longer possessed the strength to maintain itself, which rejected new forces instead of renewing itself with their help. His description of the decline of this movement in Munich, of its last defenceless struggle, is without pathos, without verbal brilliance. Effortlessly it conjures up an unforgettable mood of decline which moves the reader deeply.

With a real sense for those historically decisive moments when an entire epoch is approaching its end, Graf describes the capitulation of Munich's Social Democracy in such a way as to make it clear that men of merit were turned out—men who with the proper stimulation might have accomplished much. The history of certain periods cannot be written without arousing a feeling of great sadness over human errors. Who can read of the capitulation of Rastatt in 1849 without feeling a stab of pain? Graf's reaction to the spring of 1933 in Munich was similar, and it finds pure expression. This chapter, like many others in the book, will some day find a place in our school books.

The Goebbels press rages that the émigré writers know nothing about the German people. Only the other day, in a public speech to foreigners, Goebbels asserted that the German spirit must be protected (not taken into protective custody!) from the émigré writers. These foreigners can learn from Graf how much a German writer knows, loves and honors the people of Germany—workers, peasants and artisans, men and women, the land, the woods, the rivers, all creative people, Germany, our German people, our homeland; and how much he is bound to this soil with every fiber of his being, to make it free and happy again!

## Mixed Reading and Feeding

THE EPICURE'S ANTHOLOGY. *Collected by Nancy Quennell. London: Golden Cockerell Press. 1936.*

(Edward Shanks in the *Sunday Times*, London)

OF THE two primal necessities of mankind one has been adequately dealt with, not only by poets but also by anthologists. The other has not lacked attention from men of poetic mind, but the anthologists have passed it by with cold eyes. Any bookseller will find for you *English Love Lyrics of the Seventeenth Century*, but would any bookseller undertake to find for you *English Food Lyrics* of any century whatsoever?

There may be a reason for this. No man quarrels with another about the way of either with a maid, but the way of a man with lettuce arouses the darkest and most inimical passions in the breast of one who thinks he knows a better way. There is a friend of mine who believes that the Devil invented vinegar in order that weak souls might use it in salad-dressing. He lunches alone at the club and there is iron in the voice in which he tells the waiter to bring him an undressed salad and oil and lemon so that he may prepare it himself in the way that he likes it. And while he squeezes the lemon he glares round the room at the vinegar-eaters with an expression like that of an Athanasian looking at an Aryan. Another friend of mine professes to find all cooked cheese disgusting, and makes a pretence of swooning when he sees a Welsh rarebit.

Miss Quennell, it may be seen, has

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stepped boldly into a debatable ground. She conveys, however, as so many women do, the impression that she really does not care about food at all but is merely being knowledgeable and charming. Literature is full of meals which are vivid enough on paper to set the gastric juices working, but there are not many of Miss Quennell's pages which have that effect. Some of them describe meals which to modern taste appear merely grotesque. One at least describes the sort of meal which any one of us may be exposed to at any moment and which we all hope to avoid. In 'Lunch at Combray' she allows Marcel Proust to describe an appalling repast which evidently dragged far into the afternoon and is impressed on the memory of the unhappy reader by these words: —

'To have left even the tiniest morsel in the dish would have shown as much discourtesy as to rise and leave a concert hall while the piece was still being played, and under the composer's very eyes.'

There is nothing, I suppose, that an epicure can more dislike than being made to eat anything, no matter how exquisite, that he does not want to eat. Miss Quennell's inclusion of this passage throws not too friendly a light on her equipment for catering for epicures.

She strengthens this impression by seeking out the odd as well as the oppressive. Heliogabalus may, as Soyer says, have contented himself with the brains of ostriches. Petronius, we know, served to his guests dormice dressed with honey and poppy. Lady Morgan, describing a dinner, makes the astonishing remark that 'the mayonnaise was fried in ice.' But, one cannot help asking, is there nothing in the whole realm of literature about foods more congenial to us than these? It may be indicative of a streak of vulgarity in me but I cannot help taking more pleasure in the description of the meal which Mrs. Snagsby prepared for the entertainment of Mr. Chadband:—

'There is excellent provision made of dainty new bread, crusty twists, cool fresh butter, thin slices of ham, tongue, and German sausage, and delicate little rows of anchovies nestling in parsley, not to mention new-laid eggs, to be brought up warm in a napkin, and hot buttered toast.'

I should have liked to see here also some tribute levied on John Galsworthy, who knew a good deal about food. His dinner for a hot evening in *The Man of Property* is charming, and the other dinner, by which one of his characters most ingeniously commits suicide, is monumental.

It is a curious fact that modern revolutionary tendencies have not yet asserted themselves to any great extent in the gastronomical field. Those who discard rhyme and metre as no longer sufficient to express what they have to say go on eating the same old foods cooked in the same old manner. I cannot remember that even Marinetti ever suggested a dish compounded of, let us say, ink and chalk.

But cookery does change. It has changed a good deal even from what it was in Elizabethan times, and there is no reason to suppose that it will not change again in the future. And there exists one who might almost be described as the surrealist of the kitchen, that daring and subtle thinker, Mr. Paul Reboux, who puts iodine into fish-dishes and advocates staining vermicelli a delicate blue. He also composes menus for special occasions, such as that on which the erring daughter, who has erred not unprofitably, prepares a dinner of reconciliation for her forgiving family.

I have, of course, displayed here the usual ingratitude of all critics of anthologies in laying more emphasis on what is not in the book than on what is. It does contain a great deal of fine mixed reading relating to a great deal of fine mixed feeding. But I am bound to say that in my opinion Miss Quennell has really not quite risen to the level of her majestic theme.

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# OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

A Diplomatic History of the United States. *By Samuel Flagg Bemis. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1936. 881 pages. $4.00.*

PROFESSOR Bemis has written a one-volume history of the foreign relations of the United States which is at once scholarly and interesting. Much of it is based upon the author's own research in diplomatic archives at home and abroad. The remainder exhibits an unusually thorough acquaintance with the research of other scholars. The volume differs from most of its predecessors in the proportion of space devoted to recent history. Nearly one-half of its eight hundred pages deal with events since 1898. For most readers the latter half of the book will furnish the most interesting reading, for the author is here writing of matters which still occupy the public attention. Particularly timely are his excellent analyses of the reasons for our entry into the World War and his discussion—approving on the whole—of recent neutrality legislation. It is in this part of the volume, too, that the author gives freest rein to his own strong and clear opinions—many of them distinctly critical of the statesmanship of American diplomats. It is his belief that from the winning of independence to the war with Spain American diplomacy sought proper ends and was remarkably successful in achieving them, but that beginning with 'the great aberration of 1898'—the acquisition of the Philippines and the ensuing participation in the politics of the Far East—the United States has assumed responsibilities and incurred risks unjustified by any genuine national interest. Neither the much-acclaimed 'open door' policy of John Hay nor Woodrow Wilson's participation in the international politics of Europe fares very well at his hands. From a national point of view he contends that the fruits of our participation in the World War were mostly loss; and, though he was once an advocate of American membership in the League of Nations, he now holds that developments in Europe have proved the wisdom of our holding aloof. In short, he is, with reasonable limitations, an isolationist; he believes the advice of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson still wisely applicable to our foreign policy, and he sees in recent years—especially in the surrender of certain of our imperialistic pretensions in the Caribbean and the Far East—a commendable tendency to return to the ideals and practices of 'the fathers.' Obviously Professor Bemis's opinions offer abundant invitation to argument, but no one who has read the book will deny that they are supported by sound scholarship and persuasive reasoning.

—Julius W. Pratt

Asia Answers. *By Ralph Townsend. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1936. 272 pages. $3.00.*

MR. TOWNSEND does not like the current sympathy of the American people for the Chinese and their hostility to the aggressive Japanese. He argues that the Chinese are a wretched, ungrateful, corrupt lot, better off under the orderly discipline of Japanese rule, that the Japanese in turn are the torch-bearers of civilization in Asia and that a great part of anti-Japanese feeling in America is caused by the growing control of Communists over the press of this country. These arguments are suspiciously similar to press releases by the Tokyo Foreign Office and to Mussolini's notorious intentions of bringing discipline to the hapless Ethiopians. And it is difficult to square the belief that the Communists control the American press with the fact that about two-thirds of the latter carried out the recent campaign against Roosevelt on the ground that he was a Red. In one way, Mr. Townsend's book is of service. By demonstrating the futility of a war between the U. S. and Japan, it presents a sound objection to the present huge American navy. But none except avowed Fascists will share his admiration for Nazi and Japanese 'unity' and his expressed belief in the superiority of their systems to the American.

—Leo Gurko

General Smuts. Volume Two. *By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1936. 460 pages. $3.50.*

WITH this excellent second volume of her life of General Smuts Mrs. Millin has completed her full-length portrait of one of

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our most distinguished contemporaries. The book might well be one more illustration of the text that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country.

Against the background of South Africa, with its problems of empire, of race, of class struggle, General Smuts seems to be like other leaders. He is an imperialist and wishes to extend the scope of British rule to wider areas; as a white man and as a Boer, he believes with conviction in the superiority of the white man and his culture and in the inferiority of the black man and his barbarism; in a strike, he fights workers with the use of artillery. Somehow, on his native heath, there was little to evoke Smuts's abilities.

It is the problems of a war-ridden Europe that evoke his real greatness, that make him one of the most prominent statesmen of those troubled years. His achievements were many and notable. He was the first to dream of a League of Nations and he did much to give substance to the vision he had. In 1917 he spoke of the British Commonwealth of Nations and he lived to see this dream realized. Asked to deal with the Irish question, he suggested what came to be the Irish Free State, a Dominion in the Empire. At Versailles, he sought to deal with a defeated Germany as England had unforgettably dealt with defeated Boers. He attacked the 'Punic Peace' that was being made, singling out the settlements made for the Saar Valley, Danzig, Memel, and reparations. Objection to the economic clauses of the Treaty led him to suggest to Keynes that a book be written on that phase of the 'Peace.' The suggestion was far from asking that Wilson be attacked, because Smuts had for Wilson an attitude approaching reverence. So respected was this man from South Africa that he was called upon for advice and aid in many and various problems: Welsh coal strikes, negotiations for a separate peace with Austria, military strategy, arms production in England, the aerial defences of London, the war in Palestine. Mrs. Millin deserves praise for making us better acquainted with General Smuts.

—Harry R. Rudin

Rubber. *By Howard and Ralph Wolf. New York: Covici-Friede. 1936. 533 pages. $4.25.*

THE Wolfs have written a history of rubber from the discovery of the tree in the Amazonian jungle to its emergence years later in the form of automobile tires. They have accurately called their book 'a story of glory and greed.' For, content with the statement of facts, they have left it to the reader to decide whether the greed has dominated the glory. In the early days of the industry they are frank to admit the total absence of glory. Competition and technical ignorance promoted the most ruthless exploitation of the native population in Brazil. Native overseers, far from the centers of trade and government, fattened on the blood of their humbler compatriots. But the reader is allowed to conclude that scientific progress and monopoly control have humanized the industry in more recent years. The discovery that the trees could be artificially cultivated led to their intensive nurture on plantations in Java, and the smaller number of highly skilled natives required under these new circumstances to collect the liquid have been comparatively well treated. But this recent efficiency has led to over-production, and despite British efforts to control prices, a cartel of the three national monopolies, British, Dutch and American, has not proved possible. The Wolfs leave their narrative of the production of the raw material with the hint that the international situation may become even more difficult if synthetic rubber is found satisfactory for high grade products.

The second part of the story, the rise of the great American tire manufacturers of Akron, Ohio, is equally exciting. The account of their cutthroat competition for the home market is necessarily compressed, but there is more than a suggestion that the same code of ethics, similar financial manipulations, similar methods of freezing out competitors, have dominated this industry as other investigators have found in the growth of oil and steel. Only the clever business men in this instance seem to have been not the producers, but the great mail order houses, like Sears Roebuck. If the tendency to monopoly control in tire production has reached a stalemate, the Wolfs ascribe the halting of the process and the present financial depression of the industry to unusual causes. The tire companies have been prevented from combining, on the one hand, because they have become severally dominated by the corporations involved in their product, not merely the mail order houses, but the Ford company, the Standard Oil. And, at the other end, they have been kept apart by the pressure of their own employees. The centralization of the principal companies in Akron has encouraged unioniza-

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tion, and unionization has forestalled not only the layoff of men but the introduction of labor-saving machinery which would reduce the cost of production. The Wolfs also believe that the rise of the remade tire industry in the hands of small independent companies has kept the price of new tires down and made for over-production. Here, caught between their own workers and the buyers of their product, the industry frets at the present time. But the Wolfs do not pretend it is a typical situation for a great American enterprise.

—Edwin Berry Burgum

The Life of George Moore. *By Joseph Hone. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 515 pages. $5.00.*

AN OFFICIAL biography, *The Life of George Moore*, which Joseph Hone has been courageous enough to write after John Eglinton's and Charles Morgan's refusal, is not a book for the general reader. Conscientious, dispassionate, honest, Mr. Hone nevertheless frequently loses the reader's interest. The introduction of summaries and criticisms of the novels, chronologically, throughout the account of Moore's life breaks the continuity which Mr. Hone's style is not in itself sufficiently distinguished to maintain.

Admirers of Moore will wish to read the book for his own and other unpublished letters, and also for his housekeeper's delightful account of his last years. But for readers who find Moore a singularly unpleasant personality, who regard *Esther Waters* and *Muslin* as his two most important books, this biography is rewarding largely as a point of departure for more or less relevant speculation.

Moore's letters home, when he was a young man in Paris, his attitude toward the great both in Paris and in London, his efforts at making a suitable match are extraordinarily reminiscent of the young Boswell, as readers of his early journals, published in the Malahide papers, have come to know him.

'None of us thought anything of him as a writer, but he was welcome wherever he went, for his manners were amusing and his French very funny. He tried to shock and astonish people; but he was always the gentleman, and would never associate with those whom he thought . . . below his rank as an Irish landlord.' 'Some times . . . Moore may have imagined that he had left a greater impression upon casual French acquaintances than was actually the case.'

However Moore's critics may feel about his character or taste, as a conscientious artist he has been equaled by few English writers. Why, then, as Desmond Shawe-Taylor says in his supplementary essay to Mr. Hone's book, 'The world is a little out of sympathy with George Moore today,' may perhaps best be explained by Moore's own words as critic: '. . . personal literature . . . is the only literature for the age it is written and for the age that follows.' 'The true artist is neither esoteric or commonplace; he captures the world with broad human sympathies, and woos and wins his fellows with his craft.'

The first dictum holds only if the artist is a sufficiently great and talented person, in short, the true artist Moore describes in his second definition. But however rare and distinguished Moore's craftsmanship, his human sympathies were so narrow, his taste so esoteric that inevitably his interest for 'the age that follows,' his influence on young writers is negligible.

—Mina Curtiss

More Poems. *By A. E. Housman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. 74 pages. $2.00.*

HOUSMAN'S life was temperate, honorable, and of more consequence than he permitted himself to wish. Classical scholarship is better for the example of his taste and asperity; the simpler forms of English verse have never been more lucid than in his hands; his spiritual assurance, so far as it went, was intense enough to be a purge to many readers. This book will do no harm to his name, though it is perhaps as much inferior to *Last Poems* as that book was superior to *A Shropshire Lad*.

*More Poems* were selected by Laurence Housman in accordance with his brother's will—that nothing incomplete or inferior to the average of the previous poems be made public. As he confesses in the foreword, he has erred on the side of leniency where A. E. would have been severe. It is fairly certain that A. E. would have regarded the publication of two variants of *The Rainy Pleiads Wester* as a failure of critical scholarship worse than those for which he once chastised the editors of Juvenal. Not only is the first version (X) the better; the second is below the Housman average.

It is not likely but it is possible that in this case Laurence seized the chance to give an ex-

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ample of the unpolished verse which must have filled many pages in Housman's notebooks. Poem XI is not greatly inferior to Poem X, but its inferiority is distinct in just that quality—technique—in which Housman wanted nothing but perfection. The second line is a dubious image; the third is too good for the poem; the sixth is weak; and the poem is thus slightly wrenched in the first quatrain and singsong in the second.

Housman gave great care and subtlety to these matters, as most of the poems in this book attest. He was moved by Wordsworth's finer simplicities and in some of his best verse he accomplished their equivalent. Blake also moved him, but he was not a lyricist of Blake's calibre any more than he was an original artist of the order of Emily Dickinson. His poems speak in a passionate but highly cultivated monotone, occasionally lifted to a good eloquence. They are, in the best sense, 'dated,' in that they suggest a landscape and a period now remote. When their mannerisms and banalities have been discounted in full, they remain delightful for this, for their finish, and for the necessary things they say.

—Robert Fitzgerald

Eggs and Baker. *By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 338 pages. $2.50.*

Honourable Estate: A Novel of Transition. *By Vera Brittain. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 601 pages. $2.50.*

Seven Red Sundays. *By Ramón J. Sender. Translated from the Spanish by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, Honorary Student of Christ Church, Oxford. New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation. 1936. 439 pages. $2.50.*

THREE novels, two from England and one from Spain by way of Oxford, confirm the growing tendency of the serious writer to abandon the individual, and even the lone protagonist in conflict with society, in order to integrate the personal problem with economic transition and struggle.

It occasions no surprise to find John Masefield thrusting his tale of thwarted idealism into the provincial Britain of sixty-odd years ago, where Robert Mansell, baker and fanatic Christian, fought against the slums and their owner, the Church of England. Supported by his wife Tryphema, Mansell berated crime-breeding Muck Alley over his counter, in meetings, and in the simple, vigorous pamphlets which make some of the most effective pages of the book. When the baker refused to bow to majority opinion, the townspeople boycotted the shop; his landlord, unhappily named Sir Hassle Gassle, canceled his lease; and, finally, an upright judge committed him for contempt. The reader is sorry to have to sympathize with the magistrate, whom Mansell hit in open court with a soft-boiled egg—an episode to which T. F. Powys, alone of modern writers, might perhaps give dignity. One may regret also that Mr. Masefield should produce a rich aunt, motivated but irrelevant, to save the family fortunes, though this happy ending is consonant with the Victorian mood of the parable and with the characters' faith in providence. Masefield may not share this primitive faith of his hero; he does share, and conveys to the reader, Mansell's feeling for the underdog and his determination to spread the gospel of justice and humanity.

THE more youthful Vera Brittain, in *Honourable Estate*, chooses the period of 1894–1930 in which to study three marriages: of the self-righteous clergyman Rutherston and his unhappy wife Janet; of the vulgar master-potter, Stephen Alleyndene; and finally the far different union of Rutherston's son Denis and Alleyndene's daughter Ruth. This solidly built and always interesting novel gives a woman's picture of changing England. With Janet, we witness the pre-War struggles of women for the right to vote and the right not to bear unwanted children. Ruth Alleyndene moves with the times: she breaks with tradition, first by going to Oxford and then to France as a war nurse, and finally by participating in liberal politics. Rarely, however, does the work become merely feminist; though the emphasis is always on woman, it is on woman in her relation to society at large and to man and marriage in particular. The result is a novel which is always intelligent and poignant with sustained emotion.

THERE is no ordinary emotion in *Seven Red Sundays*—those seven successive days of the Madrid general strike against the Rightist Republican Government. To the anarcho-syndicalist, sentiment and sensuousness are middle class luxuries. One must be natural—and nature is violent. One must kill—but with-

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out hatred. Sender has captured this feeling of holiday void, in disturbing contrast with the spitting of machine-guns and ideologies. In his creative catching of this mood, Sender has also explained the mysticism of the anarchist, which forbids a political program and which has sterilized much of the revolutionary heroism of modern Spain. The novelist tells his story sometimes in the third person, sometimes in the first, in the words of shifting and not always identified workers, thus subordinating the individual to the mass in his record as in the events. Individuals stand out brilliantly, however: Star, the childlike rebel, who loved tramways and her red rooster; Samar, the Communist and intellectual, racked by his love for a bourgeoise; Villacampa, the grocer's porter; and scores of others. The writer, one of the most original to come out of contemporary Europe, blends these disparate personages and ideas into a tumultuous and powerful book. *Seven Red Sundays* cannot be ignored either by the student of literary technique or by any reader alive to the gravity of the European crisis.

—D'Elbert Keenan

The Oxford Book of Modern Verse. *Chosen by William Butler Yeats. New York: The Oxford University Press. 1936. 454 pages. $3.00.*

PROBABLY no one could compile an anthology of modern verse that would satisfy anyone but himself. The field is vague, the material undefined: what is modern verse? It would be possible to anthologize adequately a given tendency: the School of Pound, say, or the Eliotines, or the Dada Boys, or the Stern & Rockbound *Pensierosi;* but when a man sets out to represent 'modern verse' in general, the best he can do is trust to his taste, meaning prejudices, put in the poems that he likes, and let it go at that. A disingenuous editor will attempt to conceal the simplicity of this method by prefacing his book with a Beautiful Essay in Literary Appreciation: cf. *The Oxford Book of English Verse.* The candid editor will do what Mr. Yeats does in the fine Introduction to this book: confess his prejudices and limitations, indicate the purely personal basis upon which the selection was made, and comment on the individual poets and poems much as a genial host might comment on books that he likes in his own library. Nothing could be more disarming. You may say: 'I shouldn't have done it that way, myself,' but you can not say: 'The whole thing's a fraud.' When Mr. Yeats explains that he has rejected almost all the obviously significant verse coming out of the World War because 'passive suffering is not a theme for poetry;' and practically rewrites that gaudy old gifte-booke piece, *The Ballad of Reading Gaol,* remarking with charming candor that he has stood in judgment upon Wilde, bringing into the light a great, or almost great, poem, as Wilde had done had Wilde lived; and devotes paragraphs of comment and pages of text to such dubious discoveries as W. J. Turner and Dorothy Wellesley, but omits *The Waste Land* entirely (this in a collection of modern verse!) with the curious observation that its accent has the rhythmical flatness of the *Essay on Man*—all this has a healthy plainness about it that is as refreshing as it is provocative: the reader dissents, violently and joyously, but he dissents without anger.

The period covered is 1892–1935. The book opens with Walter Pater's description of Mona Lisa, rearranged as unsuccessful *vers libre* by the editor, and ends with pieces by MacNeice, Auden, Spender, Madge, and Barker. Between these limits is much that is good, much that is doubtful, and far too much that is Sitwell. Except for Pound and Eliot, Americans are excluded—an unhappy circumstance, surely, in its effect upon the representativeness of the selection, but one for which Mr. Yeats has an unanswerable apology: he recognizes his lack of 'the necessary knowledge.' One cannot help regretting the presence of so much Tagore, so much Francis Thompson, so much of little worth by so many minor voices: the space had been better assigned to a fuller representation of MacNeice, M'Diarmid, Eliot, Yeats himself. But speculation of this kind is not helpful. For better or for worse, here is a collection of such modern verse as has pleased the taste of the most distinguished of modern poets.

—Dudley Fitts

Brahms. *By Karl Geiringer. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1936. 352 pages. $4.00.*

GEIRINGER has written his new book on Brahms 'not only to acquaint the music lover who knows nothing of Brahms with his life and work, but also to constitute a supplement to all previous books on Brahms.' Those

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who know Brahms's life and music thoroughly will find much interesting new material here. Over a thousand letters, a large proportion from Brahms's family, and some manuscripts of Brahms's compositions from the Vienna Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde are the most important new sources. The letters reveal interesting characteristics not only of Brahms and his relations with personal and musical friends, but, even better, his relations with his family. In the last chapter are suggested, as the contradictory forces ruling his life, his 'urge to freedom' and 'desire for subjection' and, in music, his 'fantasy' and 'his obedience to law.'

Throughout the book the struggles that these forces created are set forth chronologically in four periods, from the early *Sturm und Drang*, torn by his love for Clara Schumann, to the quiet ending of his life. The book reveals clearly his reserve, his difficulties with human relations (not one long friendship without a serious break), his peasant and bourgeois prejudices, his extreme personal economy, his over-emphasis of the disappointment of Hamburg's failure to recognize him, his subsequent rationalization of this as a reason for not marrying, his extreme generosity and, most of all, his greatness. The influence of these characteristics is traced on many of his works.

But to those who are not thoroughly familiar with his life a bewildering and incomplete portrait must result. A misleading impression is given of Brahms's relations with women and his reasons for not marrying. To disregard important facts about such a fundamental aspect of a human being, and consequently to throw false light on many of his actions and characteristics, as well as on his art, should not be considered honest scholarship.

The inclusion of the many boring details of a life as constantly uneventful as Brahms's is another defect which any of his biographies must have. Necessarily even more uninteresting are descriptions of music which to those who do not know the music well must mean nothing and to those who do will often seem obvious and superficial—though, of course, some new facts are bound to be found. The descriptions of musical sketches and corrections are even more doubtful.

The book should not be given to the music lover who knows nothing of Brahms, and it is bound to annoy those who use it as supplement to previous books. But the many new facts contained in it are well worth the annoyance.

—Gardner P. Jencks

England all the Way. *By James Turle. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 325 pages. $2.25.*

Walking in Dorset. *By Joan Begbie. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 367 pages. $2.50.*

Walking in Cornwall. *By J. R. A. Hockin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 293 pages. $2.50.*

Gone Afield. *By Cecil Roberts. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1936. 369 pages. $2.50.*

IF IT is really true, as Kipling insisted, that those who know only England know precious little about her, here is plentiful matter for further circumscription. Through Mr. Turle's *England All The Way* we look at town and countryside, are afforded glimpses of a thousand oddities, with remarks and side-glances interesting to the book-lover, the naturalist, the historian, and, beyond all else, the sentimentalist. Miss Begbie's book surveys only one county, but does it well and thoroughly. Here, with numerous excellent pictures and maps, is all of Dorset, given to us entertainingly and conversationally, and (an extraordinarily useful feature for those who can profit by it) the book contains a list of 'places to stay at in towns and hamlets convenient as centers for pedestrianism.' Mr. Hockin's book does for the Duchy much the same good service as Miss Begbie's work does for Dorset. These volumes are head and shoulders above guide-books; stay-at-home travelers and remembrers will get great profit and enjoyment from them. *Gone Afield* is the third of a series dealing with the countryside near Henley. Mr. Roberts delves deep into its rich past, emerging with copious handfuls of curious information. Such shapes as those of Campion, Peacock, Shelley, Pope, Byron, and the Elizabethan Sir John Harington, reputed inventor of one of our most important modern conveniences, move against a tapestry of saddleback Norman churches and great houses and castles. The illustrations are especially delightful.

—H. B.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## The Mistakes of Pio Baroja

To the Editor of The Living Age:

Sir:—In normal times an article like 'The Mistakes of the Spanish Republic' by Pio Baroja would have been another piece of writing that is both queer and amusing. Published in the January number of your journal at this moment of world history, it is a form of poisonous propaganda unworthy of a publication hailing originally from liberty-loving Boston.

Any student of Spanish culture knows that Pio Baroja is an irresponsible Basque writer whose prejudices were the laughing stock of the Hispanic world. Influenced by anarchistic writers, and by the pish-posh of Nietzscheism, Baroja has never thought straight in his whole life. More than anybody else, Baroja with men like Unamuno and Ortega have been the indirect cause of the actual gory civil war of Spain. There is nothing astonishing about this accusation. Expressed succinctly this accusation amounts to holding the writers of the so-called 'generation of 1898' responsible for the destructiveness now going on in Spain. The intellectuals of that generation were completely oblivious of the economic aspects that sustain a civilization. They were so inebriated with the words and rhetoric of the new literary schools that they thought they could thereof conjure away the calamities inherited from the sixteenth century.

The desertion of the Spanish people's cause by men like Baroja more than any other remark made by me confirms my thesis that the rhetoricians of his generation are to a great measure responsible for the shambles in poor Spain.

—M. J. Benardete

Charlottesville, Va.

## Dr. Jung and Dictators

To the Editor of The Living Age:

Sir:—The interview with Dr. Jung on the subject of dictator mentality which you published in the December issue was excellent, although I daresay that everyone who read it turned the final page hoping to find more of the great psychologist's acute observations.

As a New Deal Democrat I winced at Jung's reaction to President Roosevelt's personality—'the most amazing power complex'—but I feel that such an article throws much-needed light on the real motives that determine policy in Europe. I hope there will be more, and longer, articles like it.

—H. M. Morse

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

## 'An Anthology of the Best—'

To the Editor of The Living Age:

Sir:—I look forward every month to receiving the new issue of The Living Age because I have found it an anthology of the best and most informing writing that appears abroad. But The Living Age has these advantages over the formal anthology: it is timely and it has variety, offering, as it does, articles, personality sketches, brilliant travel observations, stories and critical reviews.

—J. V. White

St. Louis, Missouri

To the Editor of The Living Age:

Dear Sir:—I should like to join your other correspondents who have commended The Living Age for its inclusion of more non-political articles and stories. However important politics may be abroad, I feel that a knowledge of social, literary and artistic trends in foreign lands is necessary if we in America are to understand the points of view of other nations.

—J. J. Holt

Columbus, Ohio

To the Editor of The Living Age:

Sir:—I consider The Living Age an invaluable help in understanding what goes on abroad. I keep past issues near at hand for quick reference to the sections on 'Persons and Personages,' where The Living Age frequently describes dynamic figures abroad *before* they make the front page.

—G. R. N. Howard

Toronto, Canada

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# AMERICAN NEUTRALITY

## A Symposium—I

ONE YEAR ago the League of Nations was engaged in the most courageous, yet ill-fated, undertaking of its career—the application of economic sanctions against a powerful Member State that had violated its solemn pledges under the Covenant.

So momentous were the issues involved that The Living Age asked the distinguished members of its Advisory Council to contribute their views to a symposium on what should be the policy of the United States toward the League's efforts to safeguard peace, both in the Italo-Ethiopian War and in future crises. Our readers will recall the many well-considered opinions which were published in these pages from statesmen, educators, publicists, business men and leaders in all walks of American life. These opinions of our Advisory Council were widely noticed and, we believe, performed a valuable service in clarifying America's position in regard to the League.

War in Europe appears certain. That it cannot be localized appears equally certain. If we judge American public opinion correctly, the overwhelming majority believes that we should remain neutral. Granted. But neutrality in this interrelated world cannot be enjoyed for the wishing. We must plan intelligently, unselfishly and with great foresight while there is yet peace if we are not to be drawn into the new Armageddon.

Since no question affecting our national interest is of more importance at the present time, The Living Age has again departed from its usual rôle of observer and interpreter by conducting a symposium on American neutrality. More than a thousand distinguished American men and women, some well known to the public at large, others outstanding in their own particular fields, were given an opportunity to state their views. No special group was favored and we believe the returns to be a fair index of 'intelligent America's' opinions on this subject. No attempt has been made by The Living Age to influence the participants.

The letter addressed to these citizens read in part as follows:—

> . . . . concerning a question we believe vital to America's safety at this time.
>
> The question pertains to the neutrality of the United States in what we believe to be an impending European war. We say 'impending' for many reasons. For example, a signed dispatch in the Chicago *Daily News* of November 23rd stated: 'Europe is no longer asking *if* Germany will wage war, but *when* Germany will wage war, and whom it will strike first.'
>
> Since the United States was not able to maintain its neutrality in the World War of 1914, the question which presents itself and urges consideration today is whether, in the forthcoming conflict which will originate upon European soil, our detachment from the world conflict can be preserved.
>
> We wish to compile 'intelligent America's consensus upon American neutrality.' So we have prepared a question which we believe covers the most important phase of the problem:
>
> *What, if any, further safeguards do you think could be taken by the United States Congress, or by our Secretary of State, further to preserve and protect our neutrality in the event of a general European war?*

The several hundred answers which were received contained, in the majority of cases, more than one suggested program, so that our first task was to digest those specific suggestions which appeared often enough to be representative. This digest of programs follows, accompanied in each case by the percentage of letters in which the same suggestion appeared.

What might be called a 'composite'

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discussion by members of the symposium, setting forth and explaining the programs listed below, will appear in the March issue of THE LIVING AGE.

| PROGRAM | *Percentage of Letters* |
|---|---|
| Adoption of a strict embargo on trade and all types of credit to all belligerents | 50.4 |
| Relinquishment of so-called 'Rights of Neutrals' in war zones or on the high seas | 26.6 |
| Active participation in agencies for collective security (League of Nations, Kellogg-Briand Pact, etc.) | 25.9 |
| Organization of a peace propaganda, emanating from the Government, along the lines of the war propaganda of 1917 | 15.5 |
| Adoption of a policy of selling to all belligerents on a 'cash and carry' basis at the purchaser's risk | 14.1 |
| Nationalization of the munitions industry in this country | 12.3 |
| Organization of a Pan-American league for a common policy toward European belligerents in this country | 11.3 |
| Confiscation by the Government of all war-time industrial profits | 9.1 |
| Extension of the Government's program of reducing tariffs and other trade barriers | 8.7 |
| Suppression of all forms of foreign war propaganda | 8.3 |
| Adoption of a more adequate defence program | 7.7 |
| Increased discretionary powers to the President in preserving American neutrality | 7.5 |
| Enactment of legislation requiring a plebiscite before war may be declared | 5.7 |
| Adoption of a policy of complete isolation from foreign affairs | 4.9 |
| Participation with other nations in a program of territorial and economic readjustment | 3.8 |
| Abandonment of a large part of our present defence program | 3.5 |

In addition to the programs listed above, the statistical analysis of the responses to this poll reveals that 19.5 per cent of those contributing were of the opinion that American neutrality could not be maintained in the event of a general European war. Of these, 15.1 per cent were of the opinion that neutrality, in that event, was undesirable, for one or more of the following reasons:—

That the duty of America is to assist in the defence of Democracy against all other forms of government ..... 7.5 per cent

That permanent peace on earth can be achieved only by the use of collective force against aggressive nations ..... 5.7 per cent

That our economic self-interest requires that we take an active part in European political conflicts ..... 1.9 per cent

Among those who contributed to this symposium, and whose opinions we will publish in detail next month, were the following: Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Stanford University, William Allen White, Editor and owner of the *Emporia Gazette*, W. W. Waymack, editor of the Des Moines *Register and Tribune*, Oswald Garrison Villard of New York, United States Senator Elbert D. Thomas of Utah, Robert G. Sproul, President of the University of California, George E. Sokolsky of New York, Miss Alves Long, Chairman of the Department of International Relations of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Frederick J. Libby, Executive Secretary of The National Council for Prevention of War. Space limitations alone prevent us from publishing the complete list of contributors, to all of whom we are sincerely grateful.

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# WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

THE diplomatic tensions and war scares that have accompanied the conflicts in East Africa and Spain have spurred interest in international affairs and American foreign policy throughout this country. Organizations whose purpose it is to inform and arouse public opinion in the interests of peace have, of course, been unusually active. But other groups and associations not directly concerned with preserving the peace have turned their attention to the problem of American neutrality. Far from being discouraged by the course of international events since the Mukden incident, the proponents of peace exhibit a healthy and unfatalistic belief that the United States, at least, can be kept out of the next great war.

THE great farming population of the United States exercises a powerful influence on our foreign policy through its representatives at Washington. Worthy of note, then, are resolutions adopted in the latter part of November by the annual conventions of the National Grange and the National Farmers Union. The Grangers demanded strong neutrality legislation, including embargoes upon basic war materials, the nationalization of the munitions industry and the removal of profits from the manufacture and sale of war materials. They called for the establishment of a national armament policy for defence against invasion, but not one to protect American investments abroad. The Farmers Union voiced these same demands and in addition demanded the abolition of compulsory military training in the public schools.

ELEVEN women's organizations with a membership of more than six million were represented at the Twelfth Annual Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, which met at Chicago, Illinois, from January 26th to January 29th. These organizations, all of which are national in character, included the following: American Association of University Women, Council of Women for Home Missions, Committee on Women's Work of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, General Federation of Women's Clubs, National Board of the Y. W. C. A., National Council of Jewish Women, National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, National League of Women Voters, National W. T. C. U., National Women's Conference of the American Ethical Union and the National Women's Trade Union League. Addresses, round tables and conferences on significant aspects of the foreign situation and on proposed ways to insure American neutrality were scheduled. The sessions are doubtless being reported in the newspapers as THE LIVING AGE for February comes from the press.

THE Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th Street, New York), continues its excellent service in providing unbiased material on international questions for classes, study groups and interested individuals. The Association's *Headline Books* are specially prepared for the use of groups studying foreign affairs, and additional helps are available for group leaders.

THE National Committee on Education by Radio (1 Madison Ave., New York) reports that the formation of a committee representing each State is being considered by the National Education Association for the purpose of studying the problem of radio education. A united front and program among the educators, it is believed, may secure a more liberal policy toward radio education from certain broadcasting systems.

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## THE GUIDE POST
*(Continued)*

In 'The Otter' we see him at his best. [p. 495]

WILLARD PRICE is a Canadian who lives in Japan. He has contributed numerous articles on the Far East to such magazines as *Asia*, the *National Geographic*, and *Harper's*. His latest book, *Pacific Adventure*, records a long journey which he and his wife made through the islands of the Japanese Mandate. In 'Schooled to Rule' [p. 511] he writes of education in Japan as 'the right arm of manifest destiny.'

FROM Japan we turn to India, where, in a mountain village of the Punjab, not far from Simla, we meet a young Brahmin and question him closely on his attitude toward Untouchability. Or, rather, Miss Anita Kashyap questions him for us, and reports the whole conversation in 'The World of Kirpal Singh' [p. 520]. India's caste system came to the fore last November, when the Maharajah of Travancore abolished the ban of Untouchability throughout his State. Since then the movement against it in other parts of India has grown by leaps and bounds.

'THE SMUGGLERS' is a truly amazing account of the drug traffic. It takes us from Vienna to a small hotel in New York City, from Cairo to the Champs Elysées, from Bulgaria to an isolated spot on the coast of England. It links in one chain gangsters and Cabinet Ministers, drug 'barons' and representatives of the law, aviators and forgers, camel drivers in Palestine and the man standing at the foot of London's monument to Florence Cavell. For despite every effort that has been made to end it, the trade in narcotic drugs is still brisk and highly profitable. And it reaches around the world. [p. 523]

MIKHAIL ZOSHCHENKO is Soviet Russia's leading satirist and humorist. He has written innumerable short stories, poking fun at the bureaucracy, showing up hundred-per-centers, chiding the reluctant ex-bourgeois, and finding fun in everything. Our readers will perhaps recall 'The Golosh,' which we published a year ago; it was a witty satire on red tape. 'As I Lay Dying' 'exposes' Russian hospitals. [p. 529]

THE 'Persons' of the month are General José Miaja, who has recently been very much in the spotlight as Madrid's Defence Chief [p. 501]; Seigo Nakano, regarded by well-informed people as Japan's future Hitler [p. 504]; Ernst Toller, German author and playwright and an ardent pacifist [p. 506]; and Yugoslavia's youthful King Peter [p. 509]

THE authors of the reviews in this month's 'Books Abroad' include Bertrand Russell, mathematician, pacifist and philosopher; Desmond MacCarthy, who was the editor of *Life and Letters* when that magazine was a monthly, and who is now a weekly contributor to the London *Sunday Times;* André Billy, French novelist and critic, the author of *Trentaine*, *Banlieue Sentimentale* and several other books; Kurt Kersten, a member of the editorial staff of the Paris German émigré weekly the *Neues Tage-Buch;* and Edward Shanks, editor, poet and critic.

OF OUR own reviewers this month, several have not before contributed to THE LIVING AGE. They are Julius W. Pratt, professor of history at the University of Buffalo; Leo Gurko, free-lance writer and reviewer; Robert Fitzgerald, young Harvard poet (*Poems*. New York: Arrow Editions Press. 1935), now writing for *Time* magazine; Dudley Fitts, who is also a poet, and has just published, with Robert Fitzgerald, a verse translation of the *Alcestis* (Arrow Editions Press. 1936); and Gardner P. Jencks, pianist and teacher, of Baltimore, Maryland.

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